ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 10

MAYFAIR

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What a good sport!

TV PRESENTER PAULA HAMILTON NUDE!

HOME OF THE PAGE THREE NUDES

LISA ERIKSON BARES ALL!

NAUGHTY GIRLS GET NAKED

ADORABLE DORA

BETH IN HER BASQUE

CUTE KIM

LEATHER GIRL LAUREN

BLONDE BOMBSHELL ANTONETTE

JUICY JUSTINE

Love all

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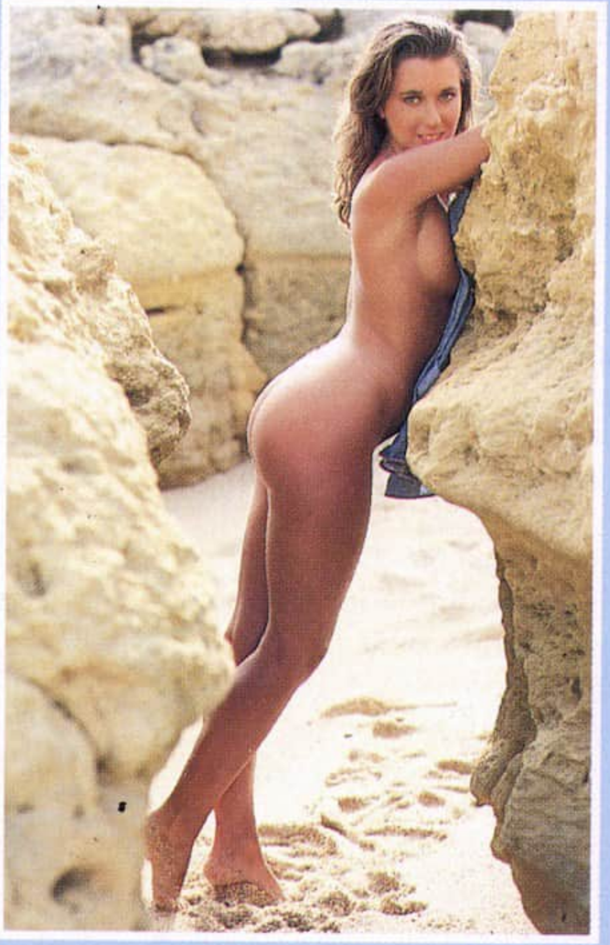
Lisa Erikson is the latest page three girl to make our calendar slot. Just turn the page to find out what hot stuff she really is!



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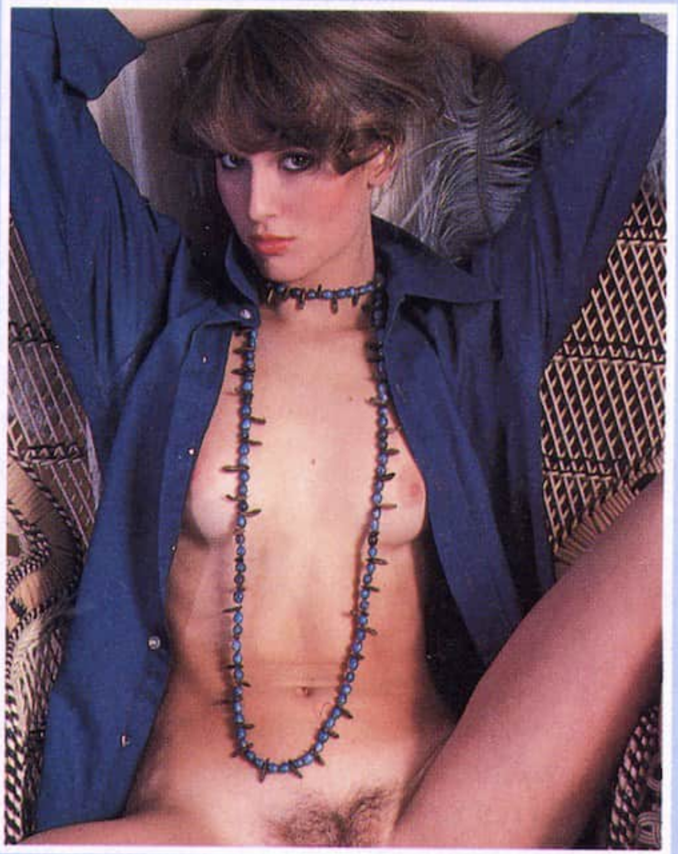
Paula Hamilton's had a lot of TV exposure: now see her exposed!



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Cheeky Justine used to be a shy girl, but she's gaining in confidence with every *Mayfair* shoot — and we can see why!

CENTRE GIRL 43

Antonette from Glasgow makes her *Mayfair* debut in our centrefold. What girl – or guy – could ask for more?

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Cover:

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KNICKERS

Cover model: Tracey West as Tracy James | thread
Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Antonette, GotM
- Claire King as Kim Wetherby
    1. post
    2. post [partial]
- Justine King
    1. post
- Kathryn Shannon as Dora Ward
- Lauren
    1. post
- Lisa Erikson
    1. post
- Paula Hamilton
    1. post
- Tabby Miles as Beth Wright | thread
    1. post

Lisa Erikson

PAGE THREE CALENDAR GIRL

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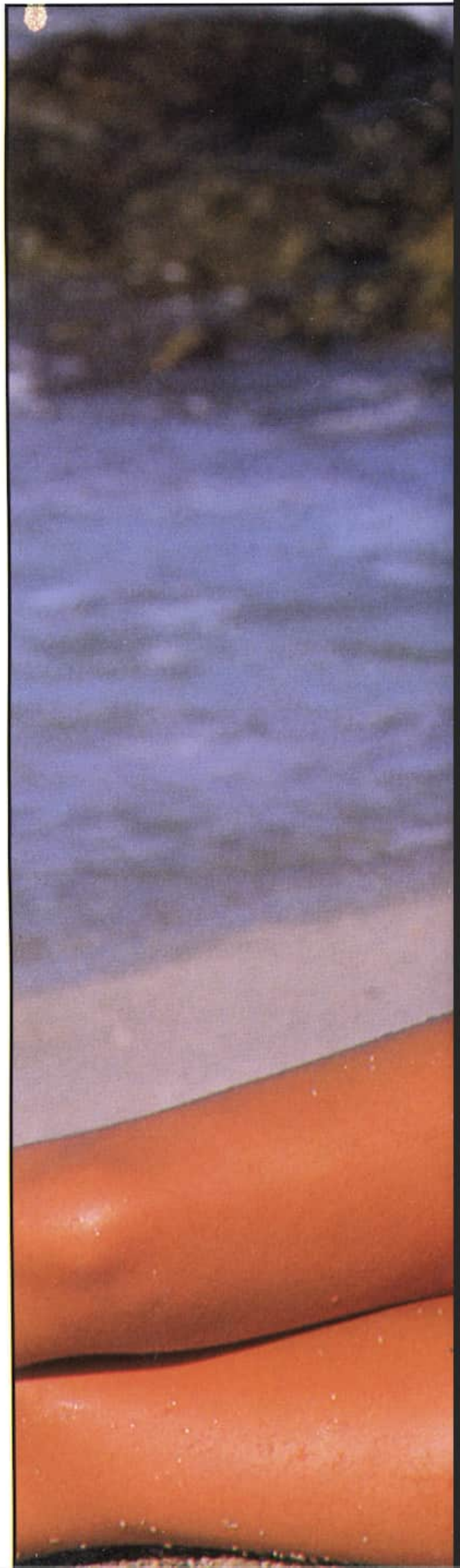
Lovely Lisa Erikson has come a long way since her days as a groom in a dressage stables in Norwich... all the way to Jamaica, Mexico and Kenya in fact! The Norfolk-born filly shakes her gorgeous dark hair as she explains, "My life has really changed in the last few

Photographs by George Richardson

years. I think I must be naturally lucky..." Spotted at the tender age of 18, she was whisked off to model in exotic locations all over the world.

Now 22-year-old Lisa is a successful jet-setter who relaxes at her Romford home with her favourite reminder of her horsey past: a bay mare called Gemma. She hopes to own her own stables one day, but not while she's enjoying herself so much modelling. "I'm really having fun these days. There's never a dull moment!" she tells us. Lisa, a firm believer in astrology, is certain her good fortune comes from her lucky birthday — she was born at the same moment as Neil Armstrong landed on the moon. "Strange things always happen on my birthday," she reveals. Such as? Unfortunately for us, her secret stayed safe behind that stunning smile. Ⓜ



Justine

Photographs by Ralph Medland

Jet-setting Justine King has found that modelling for *Mayfair* has given her something very important — apart from thousands of admirers that is!

"I have so much more confidence than I used to have," reveals the girl with the stunning 34C-23-35 figure. "Flying off to exotic locations, like I did here for *Mayfair*, doesn't make me even a little bit nervous anymore. Remember, neither Samantha nor I had been near a plane a year ago!" Readers will remember Samantha King as the other half of the sexy twin-set we featured in *Mayfair* a couple of months ago. Samantha has jetted off to the Far East, and although Justine misses her, she's finding her own list of modelling jobs —

and her confidence — growing.

"I feel I can do anything these days. *I* can chat to a man easily, and I've *learned* to ask for what I want from him, particularly in intimate situations."

It all sounds very useful, Justine. She shakes her head.

"Not useful — *essential*," she corrects us. "And the most important thing of all is to know when to walk away."When's that? The pretty 22-year-old smiles. "Just when he thinks he's got you where he wants you!" Ⓜ

Lauren

Photographs by Geoff Howes

"This is rather fun, isn't it?" smiled leather-loving Lauren. She'd raced up to the studio on her brand new Kawasaki 1000cc motorbike, and sauntered in late, un-flustered, and frankly, gorgeous. Then she proceeded to peel off her raunchy biking gear from her pert 34B-23-35 figure with the eagerness of a girl who, frankly, loves what she's doing.

"I'm a motorbike courier in London," she explains, sipping her tea when it's all over, "and as you can imagine, it's a fast, busy and macho job. Doing something like this makes a real change. It's great to be feminine, and show the world a different side to the go-getting speed lover!

"And before you ask, yes... riding motorbikes is a turn-on. I'm afraid I do

get a bit of a buzz out of controlling all that throbbing power. But I never let it interfere with my work." The 22-year-old giggles.

"I'm a girl who craves excitement, always have done and always will. Posing in *Mayfair* has put a real spark in the month for me — I hope it has for your readers as well! Now, anyone for a ride home?" Ⓜ

Kim

If you're the dark and brooding type, and fancy a dynamite affair in a Yorkshire swamp in the rain, we may have found your soulmate.

Perhaps Kim should explain. Well she would, if she could stop giggling through that gorgeous mane of blonde hair. "Since my centrespread in *Mayfair*, offers of work have been rolling in," the 36-24-36 beauty reveals, "and if I wanted to I could be booked up as a model for the next twelve months. But I need a break before I throw myself in to it.

"While I've been holidaying, I've been re-reading my favourite book of all, *Wuthering Heights*, and it reminded me of what my busy

life is missing at the moment — a bit of passion! I'm looking for the sort that burns for years — just like Catherine has in the book. I'm going to have the time of my life with my very own Heathcliff — when I find him that is!"

All men with bushy eyebrows watch out! Ⓜ

WILLIAM · T
ARD · JACO
2A CORK STRE

R
LLERY

Antonette, the stunning 23-year-old blonde from Glasgow, took so easily to the camera on her *Mayfair* debut, that our man had to ask her if she'd done it before. "No, not exactly..." she smiled, mysteriously. Burning with curiosity, we asked to hear more.

"I used to work in clubs as a dancer," she reveals. "But then, the clubs all went through really hard times, so there wasn't any work. I

Photographs by Jack Harrison

ANTONETTE

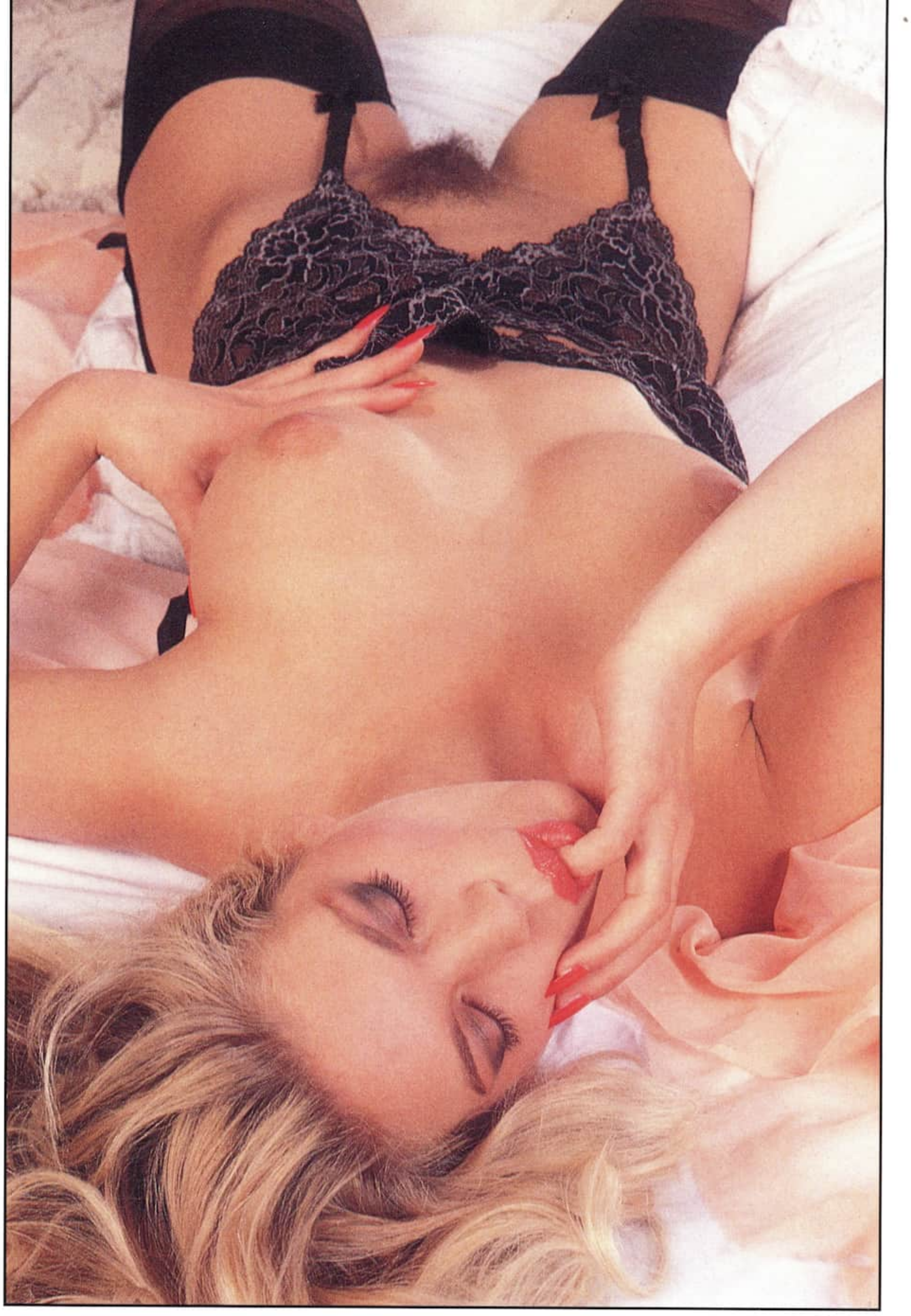
did a bit of waitressing and singing — then I saw an advertisement for a solo dancer at a well-known London club.

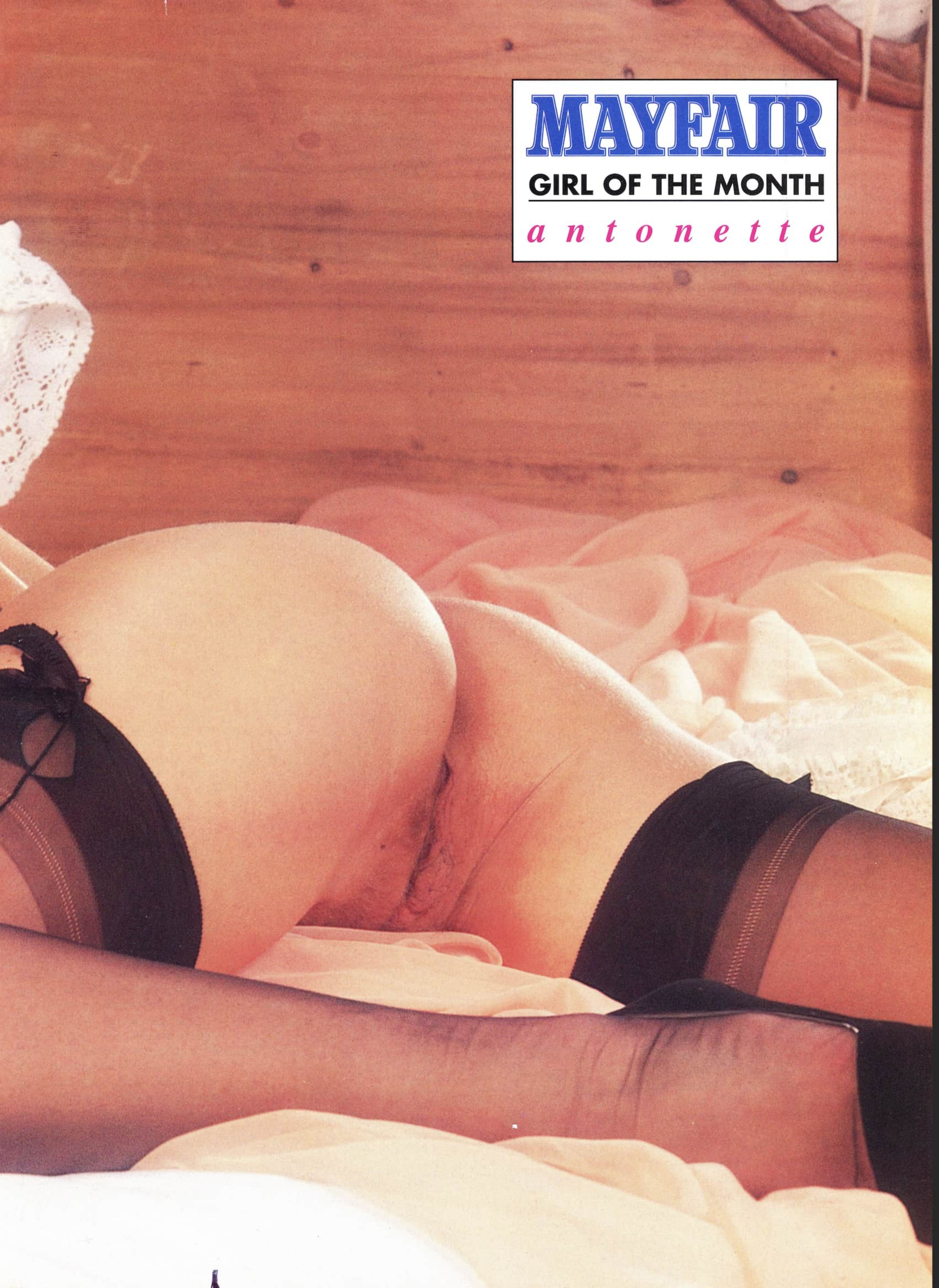
"I went along to the audition with my cassette recorder and started dancing when I was called, but then half-way through the routine, the chap in charge yelled, 'What's taking you so long?' I realised then that the dancing was supposed to involve stripping!"

Did she do it then, and show off her stunning 36C-25-36 figure to an adoring

public? Antonette looks cautious, obviously wondering if she can reveal this intimate detail to thousands of *Mayfair* readers.

"Well I did it once," she tells us. "Because I've always firmly believed it's better to wish you hadn't than wish you had. I found I rather enjoyed it! But then I suppose you can tell that!" Ⓜ





MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

a n t o n e t t e

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
antonette

exclusive!

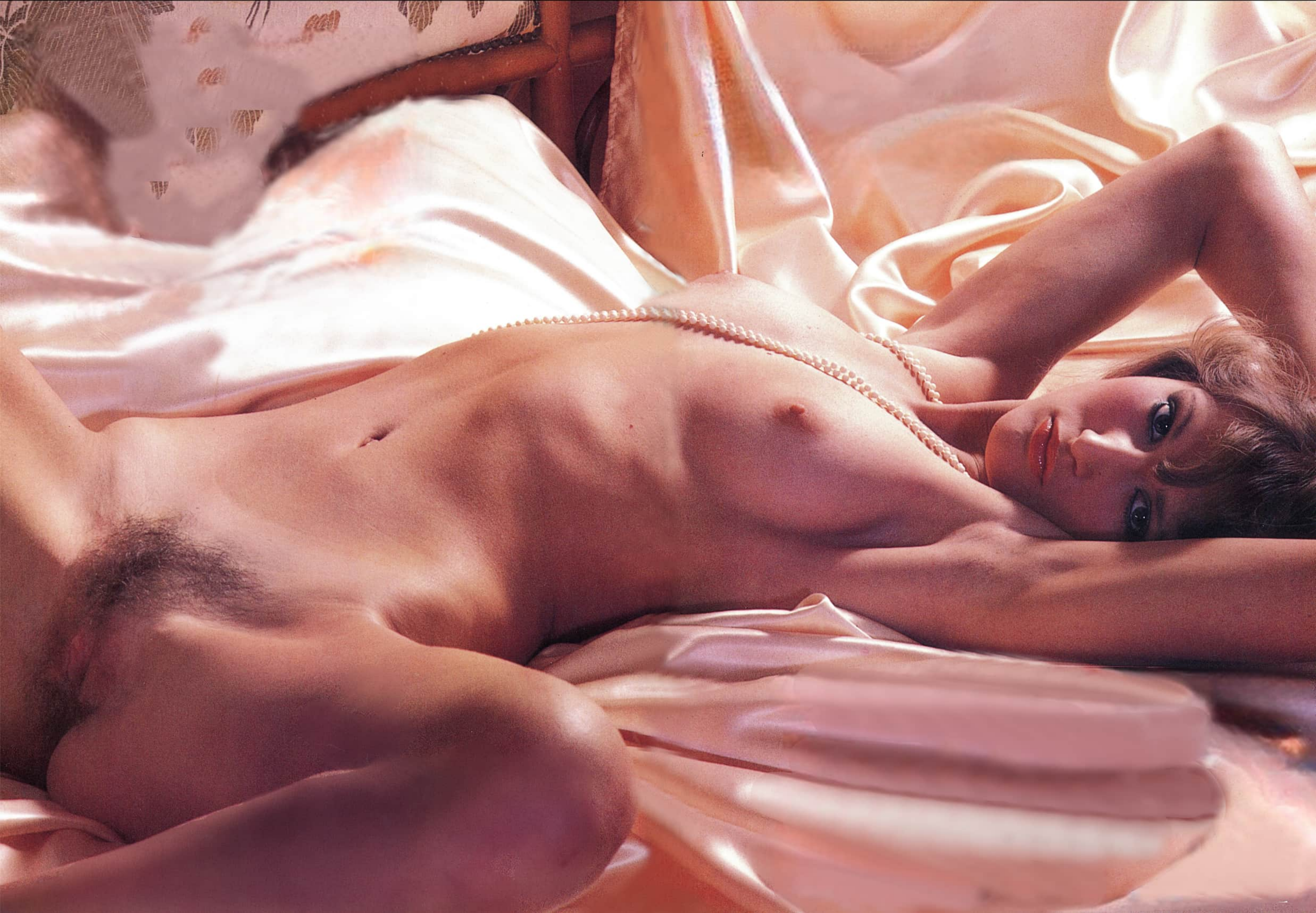
TV PRESENTER PAULA HAMILTON

What a Good Sport!

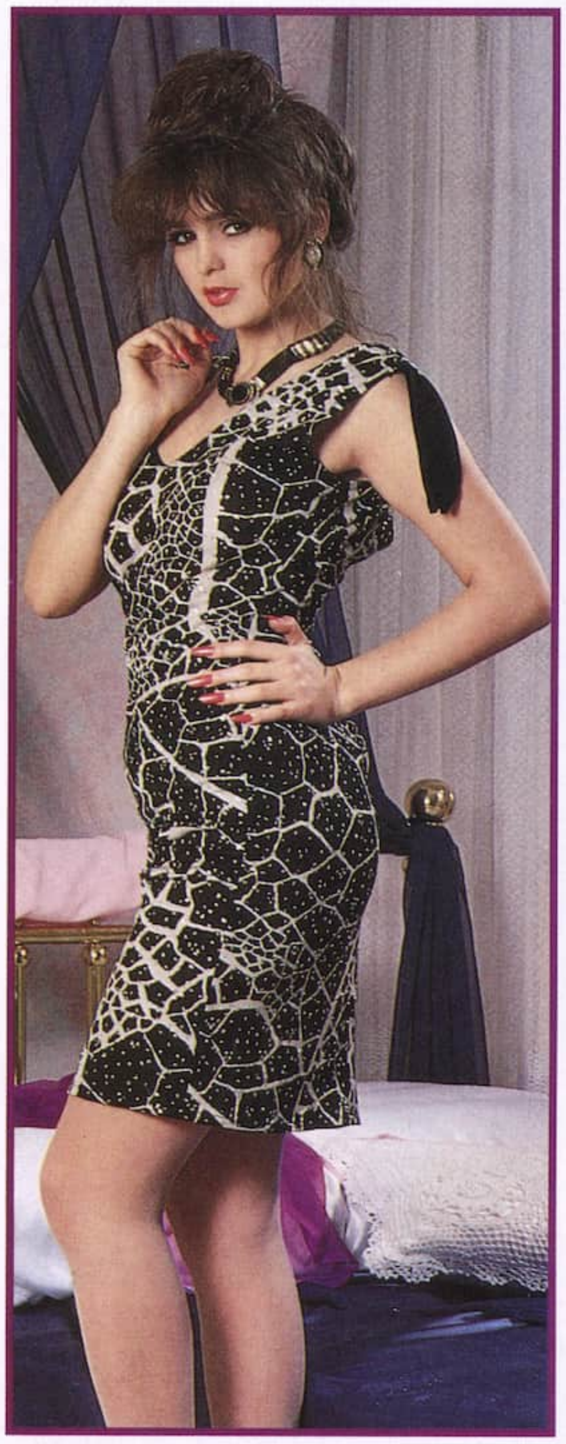
John and Paula in their TV show

Paula Hamilton, once famous for shrugging off her fur coat in the Volkswagen ad, has taken to donning leotards and wetsuits for the boys at the BBC. But did nice Auntie Beeb know that their new ace reporter, who now presents the *Good Sports* programme along with footballer John Fashanu, used to wear a lot less?

Gorgeous ex-model Paula has been keeping our blood pumping



dora



You all adore Dora! Since she appeared in Vol 26 No 5, the half Italian 18-year-old with the passion for silk undies has been inundated with fan mail, passed on by *Mayfair's* overworked postroom. It has made concentration on her accountancy exams this summer rather difficult! "I kept thinking of all those guys and the lovely sexy things they were saying rather than tax law, so if I fail, it's all your fault!" she says with mock annoyance. What would she do instead? "Become a model full-time!" she replies immediately. "It fulfils all my rudest fantasies!" We know which way we'd like her results to go. The only figures we want to see Dora juggling are 36-25-36. Ⓜ

Photographs by Bob Tanner

every Tuesday night on the prime-time sports series. "It's so important to exercise," she says. "It makes you more focused, you live longer and look better." *Mayfair* readers focusing on Ms Hamilton's stunning physique couldn't agree more!

Our exclusive pictures were taken some years ago, but even though Paula has since given up nude modelling she still appreciates the value of her body: she recently insured her legs for over a million pounds! We reckon they're worth every penny.

Paula's TV career looks set to go from strength to strength — and we're sure that all fans of this talented lady will want to keep our exclusive photos handy as they watch her meteoric rise to fame. After all, they're proof that, apart from being beautiful and sexy, Paula is certainly a Good Sport!

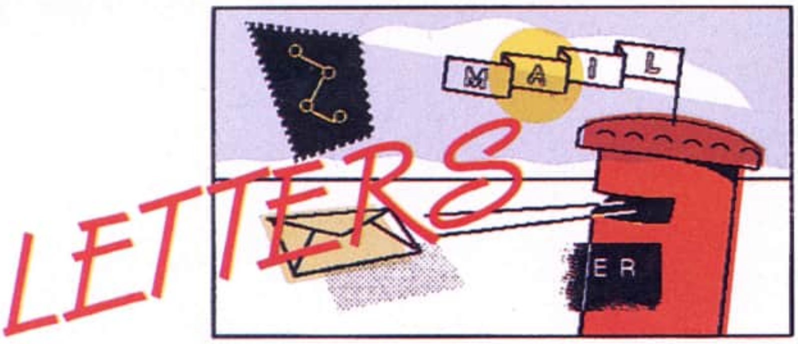
beth

Photographs by Jack Harrison

'Any colour you like so long as it's black.' The old cliche about Henry Ford's cars also applies to Beth Wright's choice of underwear. "Black isn't just my favourite colour, it's practically the only one I wear underneath," says the 36-23-35 typist from Totnes. "I've always thought it was rather wicked, and it makes me feel nice and naughty whatever I'm doing."

Not that the 19-year-old needs any help when it comes to being naughty. "There are two types of people in this world," she claims. "Those who flirt and those who

are shocked. I'm very definitely the former. I've always fancied myself as one of those vamps you read about with a long black satin skirt slashed to the thigh, high heels and a cigarette holder, luring men into my trap like a seductive spider." If this sounds a little intimidating, don't worry, gentlemen: Beth says she's far too nice to push guys around. "I can never give men the brush-off — that's why I have so many boyfriends at one time. I can never let them go!" Ⓜ



We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Hot Nudes

It's a great idea to have revealing paparazzi shots of famous beauties in *Mayfair*: Emma Ridley and Kim Basinger both looked great in Vol 26 No 8. But when will you start publishing full photosets of these girls? A glimpse is very tantalising, but we could do with seeing much, much more!

JS, Hertfordshire

Turn to page 56 to find supermodel and TV presenter Paula Hamilton, JS. And we plan to bring you plenty more surprises in future – watch this space! – Ed

Wife's DIY

Recently I made something of a discovery which has revolutionised sex between my wife and myself. I would like to share it with your readers, in case they find it helpful.

I came in from gardening one weekend afternoon to find my wife, Lucy, in our bedroom surrounded by back issues of *Mayfair*, obviously found in a housework binge on our room. I am afraid that the only word I can use to describe her is *engrossed.*

She didn't see me at first and I had the chance to watch. She was reading some of the letters and as she turned the pages, her hand strayed across her breasts and gently squeezed them. My initial fear that she would have been furious with me for buying the things was forgotten as I was treated to the most amazing sex show.

Lucy undid her shirt and her bra, neatly with one hand, never taking her eyes off the page. Then she began to tweak and rub her nipples with her fingers, until I could see them clearly, standing up hard and red. Then she pulled off her skirt and slipped a hand under her panties. I could see her fingers begin to move faster and more vigorously under the material, and soon, my wife forgot the magazines and leant back against the headboard, her eyes closed, her mouth sightly open, and her hand working furiously between her swollen lovelips.

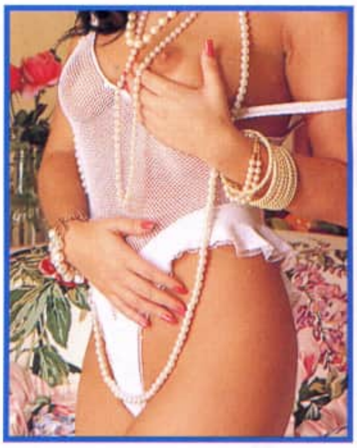
The sight set me off remembering all the times I had done that for her, or brought her to an orgasm by putting my face between her legs and licking along her wet slit with my tongue until she shuddered and clamped her thighs around my head.

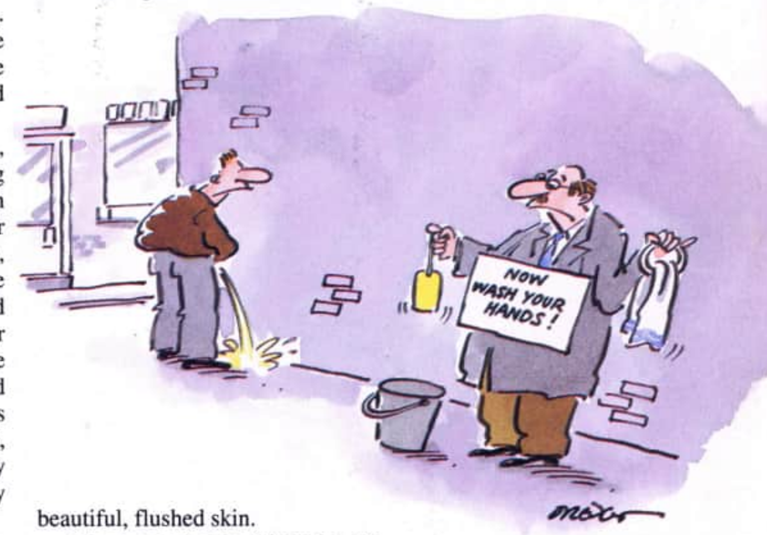
I wasn't sure how long I could remain hidden. I was bursting to go in and take her excited body in my arms and slide my now hard cock into her. She moaned softly, her palm pressing on her hairy mound as her fingers brought her to orgasm.

As her back arched, I stepped into the room, my trousers already undone, my long pole hard and erect. She opened her eyes and for a moment I thought she would scream, but she just stared, and then gave a little sheepish smile. I climbed onto the bed with her, and pushing her slim thighs apart, I slid my cock between her lips and into her hole. Her muscles gripped me as I plunged into her, her hips writhing against me. As my orgasm approached, I pulled my cock out and spurted come over her beautiful, flushed skin.

Afterwards, Lucy told me that she often did this when she was alone, but had got increasingly daring, in the hope that I'd catch her at it and do exactly what I'd done that day. Realising that my wife has rampant sexual fantasies and desires even greater than I'd imagined has improved our sex-life 100 per cent.

VB, Dorset




NOW WASH YOUR HANDS!

Perfect partners

I must tell you about the ecstatic affair I am presently involved in, made all the more poignant and exciting by the fact that I am leaving the country soon to start a new life abroad.

Paul is the best friend of an aquaintance of mine, and I've known him for several months, but had never really considered him as a potential partner. At first glance he's really not my type. But we play squash together every week and after our last game he asked me out for a drink.

We went to a quiet pub and chatted easily over a couple of pints, and I found we had more in common than I'd at first realised. Pretty soon we were like old friends, and it seemed only natural that we should go back to his place.

As we were talking in his living room I noticed that he was gradually moving closer to me. I found myself getting impatient with all the roundaboutness of it, so in a pause in the conversation, I drew him to me and kissed him. He was a terrific kisser, and as his tongue explored my mouth, his hands began to stroke over my T-shirt, feeling the shape of my breasts underneath.

He worked his hands underneath my T-shirt, cupping my breasts out of my front-fastening bra and stroking and kneading them together. He rolled my nipples between his thumb and forefinger, which sent shivers of pleasure over my body and straight to my clitoris.

He sensed my excitement, and he slipped a hand down my shorts and along to the gusset of my knickers, stroking his finger along it to where my clit was eager and hardening. He pressed me gently through the material and I arched my back in pleasure. Juice was flooding out of me now, and the only thing I could think of as the pleasure mounted was how good it would be to feel his big cock thrusting into me and bringing me over the edge.

He worked his finger inside my knickers and rubbed along my slit, between my lovelips, centring on the most sensitive spot of all, just in the right place. I began to undo his clothes,

Continued on page 42

Covered up!

Covergirl Gayner Goodman Vol 26 No 8 adapted wonderfully to the raunchier pages of *Mayfair*. She radiates vitality and and sexuality in the pictures, but I am sorry that she didn't feel comfortable with getting all her togs off.

Why is that Page Three girls retain a coyness that other magazine models don't? If the rest of her gorgeous body is anything to go by, Gayner's nether bits would be extremely pretty and a treat for any chap who happened to be flicking through *Mayfair*'s pages. But until such time as Gayner, and other Page Three girls who've adorned your magazine, feel happy with revealing all to their adoring fans, I guess we'll all just have to make do with our imaginations!

RD, Derby

LETTERS
MAIL
ER

Continued from page 4

frenziedly. I unzipped his jeans and his cock was bulging already inside his underpants. In response he pulled my clothes off too, until we were squirming together naked on the living-room floor.

The sensation of his hard, hot cock nudging and pressing against me was turning me on even further. It seemed to find its own way to my warm hole, and for a few moments he teased me at the entrance, nudging it in an inch or two, then withdrawing, then pushing in again. I was crying out for him to stop teasing me, when he pressed his lips against my breast and sank his cock deep inside me.

One thrust was enough to send me into a convulsive orgasm, and as he began to thrust harder into me, moaning with his own pleasure, sensations began to flow over me in ever more intense waves. I had never experienced a multiple orgasm before, but as Paul's cock stimulated every spot inside me they trembled from my pulsing clit deep into my pussy and over my whole body.

Paul was the sort of bloke who could keep going long enough for his partner to be completely satisfied, and in fact I had to beg him to come, because I was so exhausted! With a moan and a final deep thrust he exploded inside me and we collapsed together, tired and amazed at how good it had been.

It's a terrible pity that I'm leaving in such a short time, but we intend to pack our last week together with lots of great sex!

FT, Somerset

Wanna hold your hand!

After seeing Abbey in Vol 26 No 7, *I Feel Fine*! The sexpot Liverpudlian caught my eye straightaway, and if she's reading this letters page now — she can *Please Please Me* anytime! — *That's enough Beatles songs — The Editor.*

The quality of the photographs was superb; Mr Medland has managed to make Abbey's cuddly naughtiness come alive, and those gorgeous breasts of hers seem to stand out of the page!

Abbey if you want to change your name — you need only ask. I'm Bristol's most eligible bachelor!

DC, Bristol

Wet dream

I'd like to tell your readers about a rather erotic nocturnal experience that happened to me not so long ago.

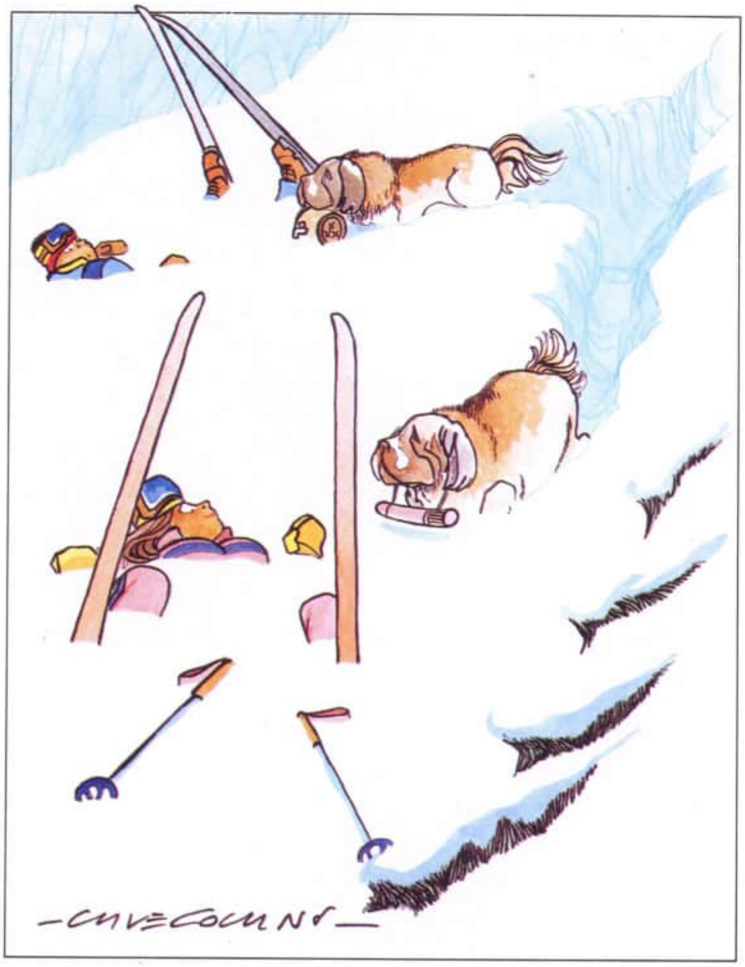
I woke in the middle of the night recently to find my girlfriend pressing little kisses over my face and neck, then working down my belly. She slipped her lips round my member and began gently licking the end and sucking on it. I thought it was a dream... it was just too delicious to be true! She grasped the base, and rubbed it gently as she ran her tongue round the helmet, then sank her warm wet mouth along my shaft. Her juicy lips enveloped me, coaxing me towards an explosive orgasm.

Fully awake now, I twined my fingers through her hair as her sucking grew faster and more urgent. Pretty soon, I could bear it no more and I filled her mouth with hot come.

Almost as if she'd been in a dream herself, my girlfriend rolled over beside me and was instantly asleep. In the morning, she remembered what she'd done only hazily.

It hasn't happened again since, but I live in hope. Those of you out there who haven't been woken by a perfect blow-job don't know what you're missing!

IT, Lancashire


—CLIVE COLLINS—

Continental Drift

I greatly enjoyed your feature Notre Dames in Vol 26 No 8, in which three young ladies bared all while floating down the Seine on a pleasure boat. They were all stunning girls, and I bet they gave the Parisians plenty of pleasure!

However, this fun feature raised a very serious point: can you imagine what would have happened if these beauties had tried the same thing on the Thames? There would have been an uproar, and in all probability the River Police would have been called to make sure the girls wrapped up.

Why is it that our European partners seem to have such an open and healthy enjoyment of sex, while in repressed little Britain the authorities recoil with horror from the thought that any of us might have some fun? I know saying this might make me unpopular, but as far as I'm concerned the sooner we're ruled from Brussels the better!

FWS, London W5

Clever Dick

After carefully reading your article *The Complete and Utter History of the World, Chapter One: The Beginning* I have detected over 200 errors of fact contained in its 1,749 words. For instance, I know of no evidence that dinosaurs ever played darts; there has never been an animal species entitled tilburydockus; and it is impossible to fit a mammoth into an average sized family bedroom. I am beginning to suspect that your writer, Stefan Backwards, may not be a bona fide professor at all, but merely a charlatan having fun at your expense.

Professor Stefan Forwards, Swindon

How did this letter get in? - The Editor

First orgasm

I'm 25 years old and for no particular reason I can think of, although I've had sex with a lot of men, I've never had an orgasm.

I was beginning to think there must be something wrong with me, even though sex would start wonderfully. I have very sensitive nipples and breasts

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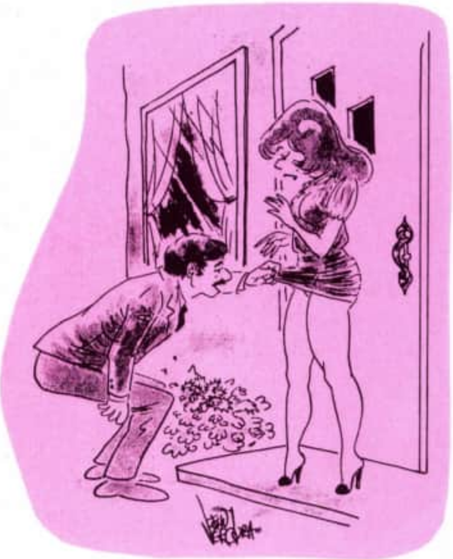
and if they were stimulated properly with little licks and nibbles, or harder stroking I'd soon be aroused and juiced up. My boyfriend would then rub my clitty or insert his fingers into my pussy and try to bring me off that way, but although it felt nice, it never seemed to be enough to give me the orgasm I craved. I'd end up feel unsatisfied.

Understandably, my boyfriend got a bit despairing of me, and I suppose I wasn't really surprised when I came home one evening to find him in bed with another girl.

That isn't to say I wasn't shocked.



This is our tenth date, Miss Hawksby. I just wanted to see if you had one

At first they didn't hear me and I stood at the door watching them in stunned silence as Jonathon bent her over on the bed and entered her from behind, sinking his cock deep into her and sliding out again, reaching under her slim body to feel her swinging breasts and rub between her lovelips. Even through my shock, I could see that she was very attractive: small curvy and blonde; and she was very eager too. Her back was arched and she was squirming against him, moaning in pleasure.

I was transfixed on the spot. Then Jonathon must have sensed my presence because he suddenly looked round. He stopped instantly and leapt off her. He held his arms out to me and said, "Come over here and join in, Laura."

Was it a set-up? Hesitantly I went forward and Jonathon began to undo my clothes until I was sitting next to this girl dressed only in my little bra and knickers. She turned to me and smiled shyly, and introduced herself as Kate. "Can I touch you?" she asked. I didn't say anything, being too frozen with fright, and she, to her credit, took this as a yes. While Jonathon watched, she began to run her fingertips lightly over my whole body, through my long hair and over my shoulders.

She deliberately avoided all my erogenous areas, and pretty soon I began to relax, my eyes closed, as her stroking began to circle round my breasts and down my stomach to my mound.

I lay back on the bed, and she parted my legs so that Jonathon had a clear view of what she was doing to me. With one hand she played with my boobs, tweaking the nipples and gently rubbing the whole breast with her palm, while her other hand worked gently between my legs, alternately slipping fingers into my pussy and rubbing along my slit.

My hips began to move against her finger as I tried to increase the contact. Sensations were beginning to build up inside my pussy, with an intensity that I hadn't experienced. I felt her hand leave my breasts and when I opened my eyes I saw her stroking it between her own glistening thighs as she watched the effect she was having on me.

I couldn't see Jonathon, but I guessed he must be enjoying a pretty horny view. I had thrust my legs as far apart as they would go so that Kate could get her fingers deep into me. Juice flooded her hands as she slid them in and out of me, the thumb keeping an irresistible pressure on my clitty as she did so.

Then I felt Jonathon on the bed beside me. He was grasping his thick cock with one hand and rubbing it as he watched us. He bent over and kissed me, then rolled me over onto my front so that he could slide into me from behind as he had done with Kate. Kate positioned herself in front of me as she opened her legs, and for the first time I had the experience of giving oral sex to a woman.

I licked gently between her swollen love-lips, tasting her juice, while Jonathon pushed into me from behind.

Naughty thoughts

Pardon me for asking, but what was on Emma Nixon's mind when she was having her picture taken for *Mayfair*? I wouldn't want to suggest that she was possessed with wanton thoughts — but she certainly looked as though a long slow love-making session was on her mind.

Some girls, both in and out of magazines, have mastered the look of absolute sexiness — and Emma's one of them. Her smouldering eyes and red lips made her seem as though all this sensuous lounging around was a poor substitute for a good rogering.

Well done, Emma, you've got what it takes — to make a grown man weak at the knees!
SM, Croydon

I could feel every inch of him, and the combined excitement of his thrusting and the close proximity of this other woman writhing against me began to make me lose control.

I could feel my pussy growing hot and tense around Jonathon's cock, and I began to squirm against him wildly. The sensation spread, and suddenly, almost unexpectedly, I was engulfed by a wave of indescribable pleasure which paralysed me for a full five seconds before I collapsed on the bed. I felt Jonathon withdrawing from me, and rolled over so that he could shoot his warm load over my soft belly and breasts. Behind me, Kate brought herself off with her fingers as she watched.

It was an unusual circumstance for a first orgasm — but I've never beaten it yet! Sometimes it seems you have to do something a bit out of the ordinary to get over your inhibitions.
Laura, Swansea

Holiday blues

I suppose you get a lot of letters at this time of year from people who've had a rollicking time on holiday, so I don't expect this one will be published, but as it was the experience of a lifetime for me, here goes anyway.

I went to Portugal recently. I was supposed to be going with my girlfriend, but she was delayed by some work at the last minute, so I had to fly out on my own to be joined by her later.

I was pretty lonely, and not a little pissed off that my girlfriend's work should have disrupted our holiday, so I spent the first few days moping round the beach with a book and a six-pack.

On the third day, a crowd of local girls came down onto the beach and set up their towels and sunbathing paraphernalia next to me. They were all gorgeous, suntanned and lithe, giggling as they threw a beachball between them and splashed around at the water's edge.

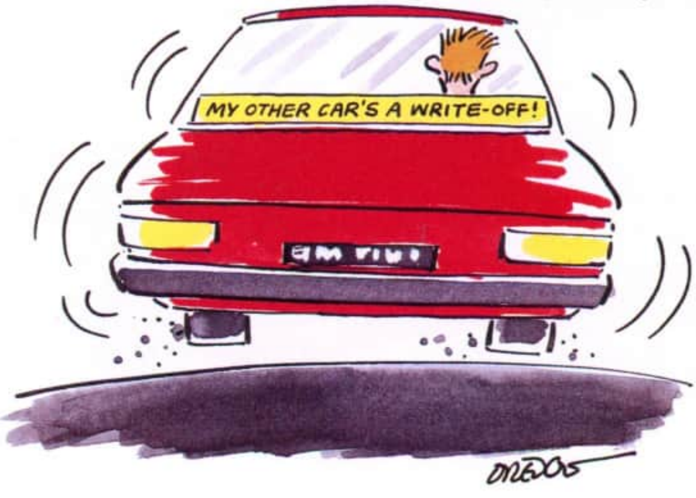
Every bloke on the beach had his eyes fixed on them — and there was one in particular who stood out. She was tall and slim, in a red bikini, and her long dark hair was in a ponytail. As I watched them playing, she turned from time to time and caught my eye. Every time she did it set my blood racing, and I had to look to check that my shorts weren't giving me away.

Then the beachball bounced right up to me and I grabbed it in both hands. She came up to me and asked for it back in Portuguese, and when I didn't respond, she tried faltering English. I told her in my own terrible Portuguese that she could have the ball back if she would join me for a drink at my hotel later that evening. To my surprise, she smiled and agreed.

To say that I was nervous when I met her at the bar would be an understatement. She wore a tight emerald dress and her hair was tied up on her head, her face framed by loose strands. She was truly stunning, and I could hardly believe my luck.

Somehow we managed to piece together a conversation, during which I found that her name was Roxanna and she like to dance. So I took her to a local club — which was where the body language took over.

Continued on page 98


MY OTHER CAR'S A WRITE-OFF!
GM VIVI

LETTERS
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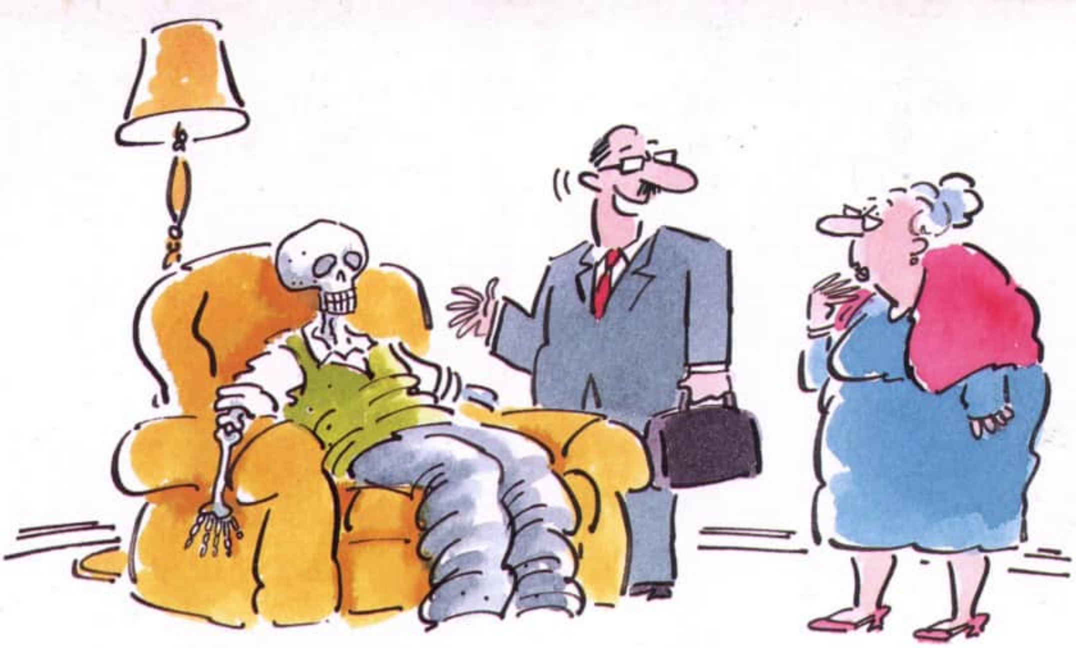


First the good news Mrs Crocker – your husband is not dyslexic...

Continued from page 52

She moved beautifully, and I have to say I felt a bit clumsy on the dancefloor next to her. She must have taken pity on me, because she took my hand and led me outside.

It was warm and we walked down on the beach. She led me to a deserted cove — she seemed to know exactly where she was going! There, she wrapped her arms round me and kissed me. I hardly had time to respond before she was planting little kisses over my chest and down my stomach. With unexpected skill, she unzipped my jeans, released my hardening cock and began to plant her little kisses along its length. Her warm lips were delicious, and as she began to lick the tip of my prick, I unclipped her hair so that it tumbled over her. I ran my fingers through it as she began to envelop my tool in her juicy mouth, her hot little tongue working over it as she sucked.

Watching my cock sliding between her red lips was almost too much for me. Her hands worked up my thighs, pulling down my jeans and underpants so that she could caress my thighs. Involuntarily, my hips began to move gently, easing my prick deeper into her mouth. She gave a moan of pleasure, and I could hardly believe that all these thousands of miles away, I'd finally found a girl who loved sucking cocks!

When my cock was rigid, she suddenly withdrew and stood up, and slipped off her dress. Underneath she wore nothing at all, and the sight of her gorgeous slim body, with its rounded breasts was enough to make me shoot my load there and then.

She pulled me down onto the sand, and offered me her breasts. Reaching between her legs I found her pussy wet with arousal and I wiped her juices over her boobs before I slid my shaft between them.

Her boobs were the perfect size and she moaned as I massaged them over my cock, sliding along her cleavage. I rubbed her nipples hard and squeezed the soft flesh of her breasts, nearly overcome by the eroticism of it all.

It was plain that she was close to an orgasm herself. I couldn't decide what to do — what I was doing felt delicious, but I wanted desperately to be inside her too. She decided the matter for me by wriggling away from me slightly, grasping my hot prick in her little fingers and guiding it towards her love hole.

Gratefully I slipped inside her and her snug pussy walls gripped me tightly as I moved gently inside her. She arched her back as she climaxed, and the spasms of her pussy were all the stimulation I needed. I exploded inside her, and her pussy seemed to squeeze every last drop from me.

After that night I never saw her again, and my girlfriend arrived the next day. I told her nothing about the incident, but it certainly made me horny for the rest of the holiday: almost as soon as my girlfriend got off the plane we were at it like there was no tomorrow! Now beautiful Roxanna will remain my secret fantasy forever.

Simon, Glasgow

What a trembler!

For my birthday, my husband bought me a vibrator — as a bit of joke, I reckon. I don't think he thought for moment that I'd ever use it. In fact he rather enjoyed the fact that I was a bit shocked when I opened it up.

It sat in the cupboard for several weeks until my husband went away for a few days on a business trip. Our sex life has always been pretty exciting, and when he's not there I always get a bit frustrated. I usually deal with it by reading some of the raunchier parts of the novels I have and then slipping my fingers between my lovelips and rubbing myself to a quick and satisfying orgasm.

This time, however, I decided to try out the vibrator. It was certainly big, bigger even than my husband's extremely satisfying seven-inch cock. I sat on the bed and parted my legs slightly, rubbing the vibrator between my thighs and against the gusset of my knickers. When I switched it on, it buzzed against my skin, and instantly my nerves were awake.

I pulled my black lace knickers off and slid the vibrator between my wet lips, smearing it with my juice. I pressed the vibrating tip onto the hood of my swollen clitoris and pleasure swept over me. The intensity of it was even greater than could be brought about by my own fingers or my husbands tongue. I felt as though that one spot was on fire; my pussy lips swelled up further, ready to accept what I did next.

I slid the vibrator into my hole, gasping as the vibrations touched the sensitive spot at the top of my tunnel. I gently thrust it in and out, getting deeper at every plunge. I imagined my husband was giving me the rogering of a lifetime as the vibrator sank deeper in and out.

In less than five minutes, my back was arching in a mindblowing orgasm and the intensity of the sensations was such that I climaxed several more times, my whole body engulfed and writhing.

I have read subsequently that women can become addicted to vibrators because they offer such sustained intense stimulation. I'm afraid this is definitely true in my case, and I spent at least a quick five minutes a day bringing myself off with the best birthday present I've ever had. Little does my husband suspect what a gift it was!

KJ, Surrey

Cute Kim

Joanie Allum has the most wonderful knack for bringing out the best in every girl she photographs. But in Kim Wetherby, she had the most excellent model. Kim's innocence came across wonderfully, making the centreset in Vol 26 No 8 one of the most sensual I've ever seen in *Mayfair*.

Good to see a girl in some lovely underwear too — *Mayfair* photographers have excellent taste in pretty things for their models to wear. The choice of attire for Kim was perfect for her personality, emphasising her girlishness and freshness. Well done all round!

PK, West London

gizmos

MIDI-OCRE? NO WAY!

THE TROUBLE with most midi hi-fi systems is they're mediocre. Compact rather than packed with features, they tend to be for people who are more concerned about not filling their lounge with equipment than filling it with superb sound.

But now Kenwood have come up with a midi that boasts all the features found on full size stacks. With CD player, tuner, double cassette, turntable, amp and speakers all for £439.95, the M-25CDS even has a CD recording system which re-arranges the tracks to best fit tape length and an infra red remote to save you leaving your armchair.

At last a midi system that shows that size doesn't matter.

FLASH TRASH

IF YOU fancy picking up Roxanne, holding Anna's hands or working out with Dixie, beware – these are real flashy pieces. Made by Cicena, Roxanne is a telephone, Anna a clock and Dixie a calculator, and they all have one thing in common – neon. Each lights up like a shop sign when turned on, and offer all the usual features, as well as being easy to find! Biggest and brashest of all is Marilyn, a reproduction art deco radio, with two neon tubes that can flash on and off with the music (or Brian Redhead's voice if you're a Radio Four fan).

Cicena also offer Overdrive, a radio shaped like a Chevvy dashboard, Cruiser – a neon clock the shape of a car headlamp and Gotham, a range of Bat-phones just like the one the Caped Crusader speaks to Commissioner Gordon on. In short, Cicena specialise in flashy trashy tack. And we think it's terrific!

motoring

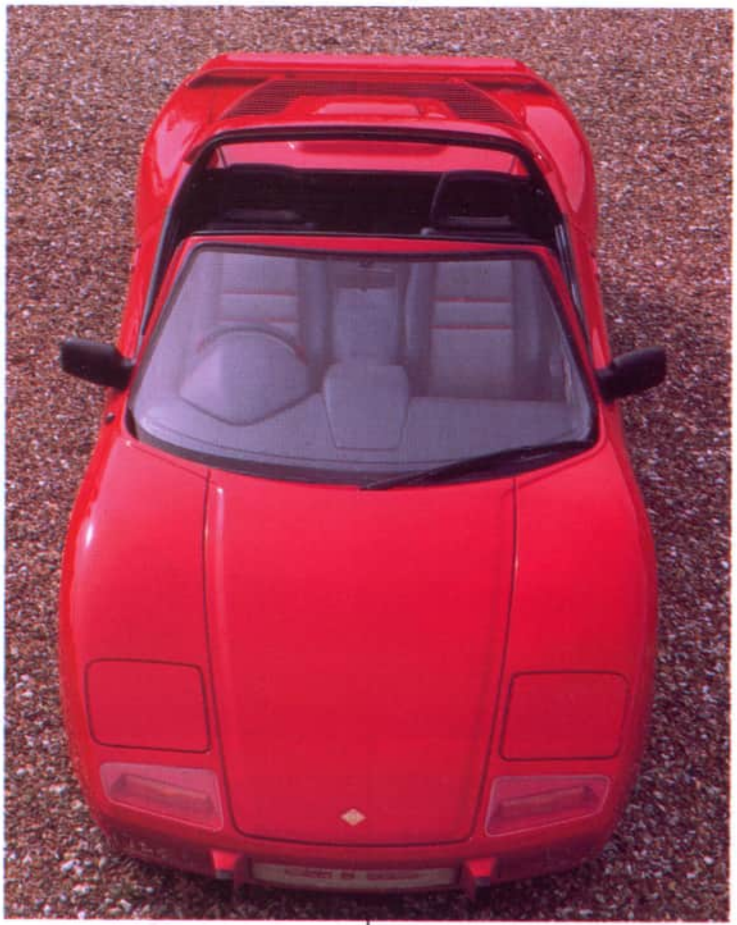
WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

ASK AN economist, and he'll probably tell you that now is a very bad time to launch a new car. The recession's getting deeper and new car sales have plummeted through the showroom floor. But Nick Butler didn't ask an economist; in fact he didn't ask anyone.

Something of a maverick, Butler's cars have proved to be a bit unusual too. And unusually good: indeed, he's won more custom car and street-rod awards than anyone else this side of the pond, with machines like Revenge, Nykilodean and Andromeda (once the fastest accelerating car in the UK). These were one-offs, but now his company, the Gold Motor Co., has gone into series production, and the Cirrus is the company's first shot.

The Cirrus is designed by an engineer. And Butler's in good company: Enzo Ferrari was an engineer. Butler spent 15 years working on the designs of the RAF Hunter and Hawk and Harrier jump jet, so it's hardly surprising that with the Cirrus he has opted for the high-tech approach. The car incorporates a spaceframe chassis and lightweight composite 'targa' bodyshell housing a mid-mounted all-aluminium 3.5 litre V8 mated to a permanent four-wheel drive system. Butler expects to sell each car for around £45,000, building no more than one a month.

The Cirrus is capable of 140mph but Butler is keen to stress that the statistics don't tell the whole story; real sporting car enthusiasts are looking for a lot more than a good top speed and road-rippling acceleration. At this level, it's the spirit which is important, and Butler (who has spent nine years getting the car off the drawing board) has spent a long time thinking about the look, the feel and the sound of the thing.

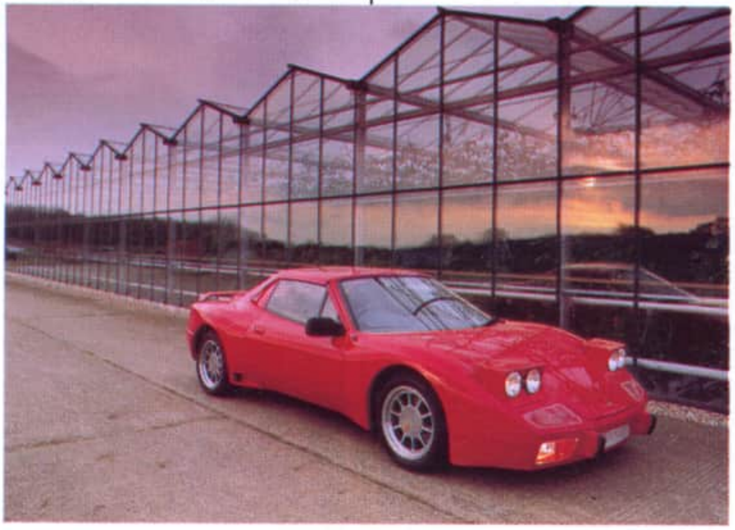


Already the car has been compared to any number of other big-buck roadburners — everything from TVR and Lotus to Porsche — but any comparison does the car an injustice. For a start, nobody else is building mid-engined four wheel drive open-top roadcars. Secondly, unlike every other limited production, handbuilt special I've ever driven, the Cirrus is a remarkably practical proposition. Equally happy at 20mph and 120mph — which is more than you can say for most high-performance GTs — it has been engineered for reliability which means it will actually start up in the morning. The Cirrus, running on well-proven mechanicals, will run all day: it has luggage space and a superbly ergonomic driving position too.

Obviously for 45 big ones, you'd expect the basic car to be quite well specified. And it is – customers get the option to build in as many little extras as they wish. The list is endless, though for those who might find the 3.5 litre V8's 200bhp a mite weedy, a £265 'superchip' engine management module is available and will whip up output by 15 percent.

Different final drive options can further enhance performance, and for real show-offs the car can be fitted with the optional 4.4-litre engine which comes with an automatic life-ban from your local branch of the Green Party.

The Cirrus is a very handsome proposition if you're the kind of bloke who doesn't want to spend £45K on a supposedly exclusive car and then park between two more of them the first time you pull into the pub. But more importantly, it's the driver's machine *par excellence* — the TV ads say, "Once driven, always smitten," and this time they're telling the truth. Trouble is, somehow the Cirrus tagline got attached to Vauxhall... —*Tony Price*



SCENE

On the Scene this issue: the strange truth about Brits in bed, Tony Price on the unique hand-built Cirrus (opposite), Rob Swift on the crashed career of Mickey Rourke (page 14), our round-up of the very best in this month's entertainment (page 22) and Craig Elliott witnesses the awsome giants of sumo doing their stuff (page 23). Plus – what the stars said, what our media-watchers read, and the weirdest BMW you'll ever see...

sex

VITAL STATISTICS

IN LAST month's *Mayfair* we found that the various countries of the EC have widely differing views on sex. Well, here in Britain we've got a few views of our own. We may have come to believe that us Brits live in repressive times, and look back on the Sixties through rose-coloured glasses, but the figures from a nationwide survey show that British couples are getting up to plenty, and enjoying it more than ever! And what's more, the British woman is as hot 'n' horny as any French femme fatale, or passionate Latin nymphet.

The British man looking to marry a virgin has a job on his hands. Only one in ten brides is as pure as her frilly white dress might suggest. This is now about the same proportion as that of men who are virgins on their wedding day.

But while ten percent of the population are fumbling around on their honeymoon, the rest of us are having a great time. And what's more, a bloke can be more sure than he ever could in the bad old days that his partner really *is* having a good time — only one percent of women always fakes an orgasm.

Either women were lying about their satisfaction before, or the sexual revolution of the Sixties really has resulted in better technique, because women are admitting to greater satisfaction in bed than ever before. Forty percent had their first orgasm before they reached 20, and in the 18-24 age bracket 43 percent of women reach a climax "most times". All those endless *Cosmopolitan* features on good love-making must have been read by someone after all.

Perhaps because they've found they enjoy sex so much, women are catching up with men in the promiscuity stakes too. Although they fall behind when it comes to the really serious numbers of partners (20 and more), a quarter of women have had three or four lovers. Men are also finding that sex doesn't necessarily have to be about notches in the bedpost — more than a quarter have slept with only one or two partners.

Where trends have changed most markedly is perhaps in who is getting all this great sex. Before it was always the footloose and fancy free who seemed to be having the best time, but figures from the survey show it's now the marrieds and cohabitees who are steaming up the bedroom windows between two and four times a week.

As well as actually doing it, we're talking about it too. Two-thirds of women talk about sex with their friends, so you've got more incentive than ever to do a good job — you could find your mistakes rather too well publicised! Blokes are still more reticent with their mates about their performance: nearly half say they never discuss sex at all with them.

The biggest erogenous zone of all is, so the old cliche goes, the brain. The real test of a nation's horniness is what's going on in its people's minds. And the answer in Britain is sex! Half of men and a quarter of women think about sex one or more times a day — the chances are that the girl behind the checkout or your bored secretary has got a lot more on her mind than filing her nails. Us British have always been accused of looking impassive and cold — but perhaps that stiff upper-lip is an indicator of what's really going on!

mayfair hears

Who said that? Mayfair sticks its ear where it doesn't belong

'It was all a rumour. I never met the woman.' — Sean Penn on marriage to Madonna.

'I wish I looked like Robert Redford and had a 12 inch cock.' — Kurt Russell.

'I was having sex in the back of a car and someone drove into the back of me. I'm sure it was deliberate.' — Chris Tarrant.

'Women take care of men and men take care of themselves.' — *Sex, Lies & Videotape* star, Andie McDowell.

'Too much Kevin bores the shit out of me.' — Kevin Costner on Kevin Costner.

MICKEY ROURKE

He was Hollywood's biggest pinup in years: the street slugger with the drawl that made women swoon, playing bedroom scenes with the sexiest starlets in tinseltown. So how come Mickey Rourke never made a decent movie? Film correspondent Rob Swift on the crashed career of a hapless homeboy.

"I GOTTA admit that a lot of movies I've been making... well, not too many people have wanted to see them," confessed actor Mickey Rourke on the release of his latest flop film *Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man* earlier this year.

It's hard to say when it all started going wrong for Rourke. There is no single bad movie that can be blamed; there have been too many. There is no single comment he's made that has made him unpopular overnight; controversy is his middle name. But one thing's for sure, the glittering career of Hollywood's most desirable leading man looks to be on the rocks.

Once the mere mention of Rourke's name made millions of women stick to cinema seats; now Mickey's moniker can virtually close a ten-screen complex overnight. Films like *Barfly, Johnny Handsome* and *A Prayer for the Dying* piled financial disaster upon financial disaster. His latest flop, *Desperate Hours,* was the final straw and Rourke quit acting, taking refuge in the seedy Broadway Gym in Los Angeles. There he trained for his re-birth as a professional boxer.

Even, as cynics have suggested, if it were a badly advised publicity stunt it has back-fired. Throughout his three-round bout with Steve Powell in Florida last May, the star-studded audience chanted 'Mickey sucks!' as the 38-year-old actor gained an unimpressive victory on points.

Hardened fight fans at ringside claimed Rourke was fighting dirty. Even Rourke himself said later: "So I fight dirty... I do what it takes to win." Former middleweight champion Nigel Benn left early saying that while he admired Rourke's determination, if he was serious about pro-fighting he would have to learn discipline.

Discipline is not a word one readily associates with Rourke, who grew up on the mean streets of Miami, Florida, and ran with a gang until he was 19. With no job, it was a natural step to take up boxing and he had 26 pro-fights as Mickey 'The Slasher'. "I won all my fights real quick," remembers Rourke. "But I stayed out all night and didn't bother to train." His break into acting only came when he suffered concussion and, with nothing else to do, was persuaded into a local production of Genet's *Deathwatch*. Finding that he had more talent for acting than boxing, Rourke moved to New York where he studied acting by day and worked as a bouncer at a transvestite club by night.

Mickey Rourke's rugged looks have made him thousands of fans and millions of dollars. Now he risks them all by returning to the boxing ring.

After minor parts in movies like *Body Heat* and *Diner*, Mickey Rourke grabbed both the professional and public eye in 1983 with his enigmatic portrayal of The Motorcycle Boy in Francis Ford Coppola's ultimate brat-pack film *Rumble Fish*.

Acting opposite another anti-hero, Matt Dillon, Rourke brought his own style to the screen; a sort of gentle seductive hesitancy from a hard man's mouth that film critic Kevin Sessums described as 'Rebel with a Pause'.

Year of the Dragon and *Angel Heart* followed and Hollywood had a new hero; a new Marlon Brando or James Dean and the cinema-going public just couldn't get enough. It seemed the street-tough with the sensitive touch could do no wrong.

Or could he? For even as Rourke soared to superstardom with million dollar contracts, there were already signs that he was either incapable of, or reluctant to, maintain the momentum of his success.

Rourke has always claimed he was uncomfortable with his mega-star status, shunning the Hollywood glitz and hanging out with a motorcycle gang. "I don't go for being seen at the right parties," he says. "Fuck that! I think all showbusiness people are assholes and motherfuckers... And if Hollywood people don't like what I do they can go fuck themselves with a baseball bat!" In fact it appears Rourke cannot cope with being an actor at all, his view of the profession as 'woman's work' culminating in psychiatric treatment.

While Rourke's decline did not happen overnight, the film *Nine and a Half Weeks* with Kim Basinger certainly marks a turn-around. Rourke's profound Catholic views caused him to disown the movie (though, ironically, he is due to star in the sequel, *Four Days In February*). Portraying a smooth, wealthy sadist clashed with the actor's self-image. "After that I did every project in the world to go in the opposite direction... *Barfly* was the lowest I could go."

A succession of Rourke's films seemed to parody his earlier achievements: *Johnny Handsome, Desperate Hours* and, in particular, *Wild Orchid*; a laughable version of *Nine and a Half Weeks*, substituting his girlfriend Carre Otis for Basinger.

If *Nine and a Half Weeks* started the rot, *A Prayer for the Dying* sums up Rourke's decline. In it he plays an IRA terrorist. The subject was highly controversial, Rourke making matters worse by clashing with the press over allegations that he gave his fee to the Republican cause. But to cap it all, the performance is so personalised that the audience is never involved.

Then came *Homeboy*, a flop that hit Rourke where it hurt. A semi-autobiography, charting the decline of a pro-boxer, it took him seven years to write and film but, he says, "I never saw a penny for that movie. I felt violated." His latest films, *Harley Davidson* and *Desperate Hours* will do little to rescue his career. One gets the impression that he only did them for the cash anyway.

Rourke is undoubtedly aware that something has gone wrong, admitting that he's "lost the edge." Returning to boxing is not going to save his acting career; nor indeed, will it bring him renewed fame as a World Champion. But perhaps in this odd career move Mickey Rourke is showing his true colours at last: actor by accident; angry, skid-row *Homeboy* at heart.

Holidays in Hell, P.J. O'Rourke. A typically subtle look at American politics with great chapter headings such as 'The Three Branches of Government: Money, Television and Bullshit.'

CDs

Paris Angels are a six-piece band from Manchester who play a mixture of pop and funk. They've been described as "the most underrated pop band" by fashion bible The Face. Their self-titled debut CD lives up to that promise and delivers the goods in spectacular fashion. Heavenly.

Danny Wilson emerged from Dundee during the mid-80s. They never let it hold them back though, and went on to release *Mary's Prayer* and *The Second Summer Of Love* before splitting up and going back to obscurity in Scotland. *Sweet Danny Wilson* is a compilation of their best songs— both of them— along with various B-sides and stuff.

Elvis Presley Collection This three CD box set contains 49 unreleased songs, including the infamous live version of *Are You Lonesome Tonight* taken from Elvis' return to the stage in Las Vegas in 1969. "Do the chairs in your parlour seem empty and bare, do you gaze at your bald head and wish you had hair," sings Elvis, before managing to blurt out, "Shit man, 14 years right down the drain!" With a sense of humour like that, Elvis may well be alive and masquarading as Bobby Davro.

ELVIS
COLLECTORS GOLD

sport

SUMO SUPREMO

IN EARLY October Britain gets its first chance to see the men who have been dubbed "The Last of the Samurai" in the not inconsiderable flesh.

Samurai? Comparing Konishiki, a 37-stone Sumo champion with the kind of figure that would be at home on an obese elephant seal or a darts player, with those legendary soldiers may sound a bit rich. But they're closer than you might think: the everyday existence — communal living in spartan all-male houses — of Konishiki and the 59 other huge wrestlers who make up Sumo's top two divisions almost exactly mirrors the lifestyle of Japan's medieval warrior elite.

Like the Samurai, too, the giants of Sumo are paid to fight. Recruited as teenagers by the man who runs the nation's 39 Sumo training centres, the young hopefuls struggle to absorb the *shin-gi-tai*, the spirit of Sumo: that is, the cultivation of heart, mastery of technique and development of physique, which is the very essence of the 1,500 year-old sport.

Up every morning before dawn, the novices prepare the morning meal for their senior colleagues, clean the toilets, do the laundry, run errands and make beds. As a reward they are used as cannon-fodder in the older men's training sessions; buffeted, slapped and thrown to the floor by wrestlers who may outweigh them by as much as twenty stones.

Not surprisingly, over 60 per cent of recruits run away in the first year. For those that remain, there will be a 300-1 chance of making it into the upper ranks, a position which brings with it great status and greater cash — £1 million a year for some.

For Konishiki, the fighter nicknamed "The Dump Truck" by adoring fans, the early years at the training stable were doubly harrowing. For Konishiki is a *gaijin*, a foreigner. An American citizen, born in Hawaii, his real name is Salevaa Fuauli Atisone. Konishiki is his fighting name, given to him by the master of his stables. It translates, somewhat ironically, as 'Little Trophy'.

Spotted while playing as defensive linesman in a Honolulu college football team, Salevaa was recruited at 18 years and 370 pounds. As an outsider in the tradition-bound world of Sumo, Konishiki walked into a barrage of venomous xenophobia. The mountainous American was bombarded with death threats; the constant butt of racist jokes and insults. "I was scared," he later confessed. "I could hardly sleep. I thought someone would try to kill me."

"The Dump Truck", however, was undaunted. He built up his weight with huge meals of *chanko nabe*, the traditional Sumo stew of pork, fish and bean curd; increased his suppleness until he could sit on the floor in a full lateral splits and touch the ground with his chest and chin; channelled his frustration into the training rituals and used his isolation as a source of strength rather than weakness. Konishiki was soon bulldozing his way up the ranks, and the shouts of outrage turned to cries of adoration.

Nowadays, Konishiki's post bag contains not murderous proposals but, perhaps more bizarrely, marriage proposals — up to 60 a week — from Japanese girls who regard his monumental frame as the epitome of male beauty. When asked how women react to his presence Konishiki replies, "They react good. Next question."

Like all the Sumo champions, Konishiki's behaviour, both inside and outside the ring, is exemplary. According to Lyall Watson, velvet-voiced Sumo commentator and, rather fittingly, the author of a reference book on whales, "Sumo provides a glimpse into the past, back to a time when winning required courtesy and losses were accepted with simplicity and grace." In an age when a tennis player who calls a female line judge a "fucking whore" is touted as "one of the game's great characters", the sportsmanship of Sumo's big men, whether you regard them as super athletes, or simply fatties-in-nappies, is something we should all applaud.

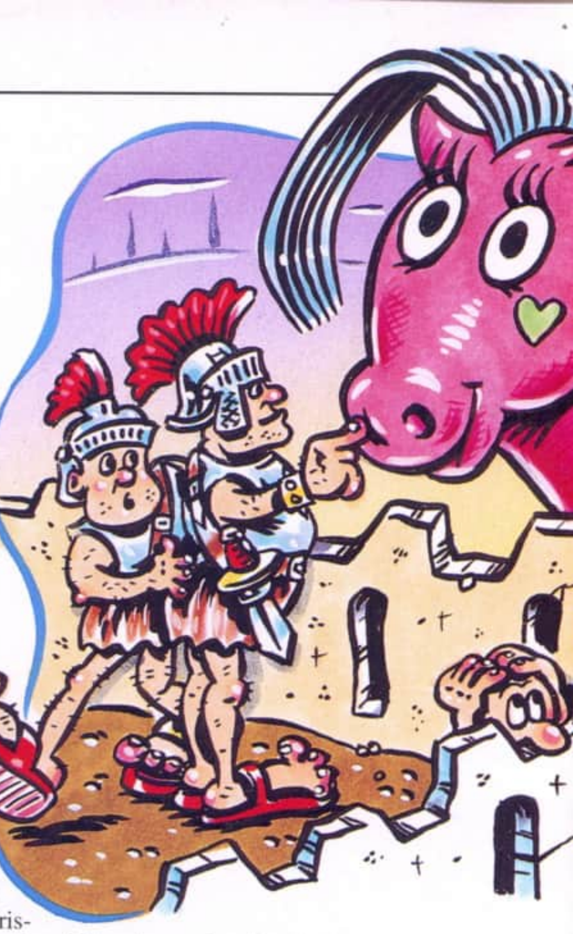
— Craig Elliott

Bob Holmes is on holiday

Chapter Three:

Grecian 2000BC

Mayfair's time machine whisks us back to the serious days of Ancient Greece, where grown men leapt out of baths crying "Eureka" for no apparent reason and a good time on a Saturday night was bandying mathematical truths with the boys. Our guide is *Professor Stephan Backwards*...



A Mazing Bull

After the collapse of the Kingdom of Egypt, an event hastened by a massive earthquake which Cleopatra described as "The second greatest knee-trembler I've ever had", the world's next great civilization developed on the Mediterranean island of Crete: the Minoan civilization. Minoan women wore topless dresses, which proves that the Minoan men weren't such Cretans as you might think. The island was also famous for its ceramics. Apart from the topless women and their lovely jugs, the most famous thing on Crete was the King's incredible complicated maze (believed, by historians, to be an early forerunner of Newcastle's one-way system). This was guarded by the minotaur, a mythological beast who was half-man, half-bull. The minotaur is thought to be an ancestor of the modern insurance salesman, who is half man, half bullshit.

Acropolis Now!

The next stopping off point on civilization's World Tour was Greece. This is the "Land of the Lotus Eaters", as anyone who's ever been in an Athenian taxi will confirm. As respected archaeologist John Travolta has observed, "Greece is the word!" And how right he was!

The Ancient Greeks were very keen on the arts (as you can tell by all their statues of naked men). They produced many wonderful pieces of architecture: the Ionic columns of the Parthenon, the Doric columns of Corinth (which still appear in The Times to this very day). They also excelled at drama: the tragedies of Sophocles and Aristophanes, the comedies of Johncles (the first man to crack a joke about Allied Carpet's sale starting a long time ago) and musicals such as "Athens Ain't What They Used To Be".

The Mythological Beasts of Ancient Greece

Half man, half horse — centaur
Half man, half donkey — centaur-half
Half bull, half man — minotaur
Half bull, half beetle — morris minotaur
Half man, half horse-hair sofa — Demis Roussos

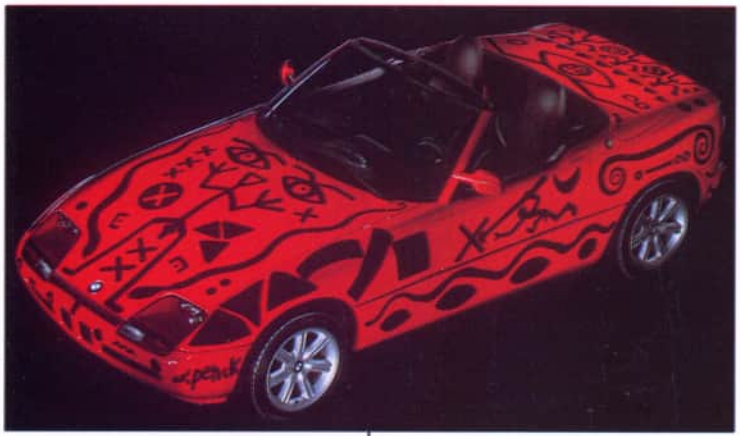
The philosophers of Ancient Greece were, perhaps, the greatest of any Age. Euripides (whose brother Eurmenedes was the the globe's first tailor) was a philosopher who lived in a barrel. In this respect, he was like certain professional footballers, only in Euripides' case the barrel wasn't full of lager. Euripides pondered the essential mysteries of human existence: why are we here? What is the meaning of life? Is there a fool-proof method of flushing away a condom? One day, while Euripides was on the hills ratiocinating, a passing vulture dropped a tortoise on his head and killed him. He took it very philosophically.

Homer became very slovenly and lounged around the streets of Athens exposing himself to women. The idle Homer exhibition soon became a popular tourist attraction.

Another great philosopher was Socrates. Socrates sat on the steps of the Parthenon trying to discern the purpose of human existence. After 60 years he still hadn't come up with an answer, but he was pretty damned certain that it wasn't to sit around on the steps of the Parthenon for 60 years trying to discern the purpose of human existence. Embittered and disillusioned, he went down to The Medusa's Head, drank ten pints of hemlock and threw himself over a cliff.

The third great philosopher of Ancient Greece was Plato. Plato invented Platonic relationships. He was a weedy, bald-headed git who fancied Socrates but was too embarrassed to admit it. One of the great tragedies of human history is that Plato's mum and dad didn't call him Ginanto. If they had then at least we'd have the consolation of having a relationship with a woman that was purely ginantonic.

The Greeks also produced a great poet, Homer. Homer wrote The Iliad, so called because after five minutes of reading it you feel sick. After he had completed it Homer became very slovenly and lounged around the streets of Athens expos-



art

NEVER MIND THE POLLOCKS!

IF YOU thought the new BMW 3 series was exciting take a look at these amazing machines. BMW boast that they can build cars tailored to each individual customer's taste, offering everything from water-buffalo upholstery to disgusting canary yellow paintwork.

The cars that would have Henry Ford spinning in his grave are from BMW's Art Car collection, started in 1975. The 730i was painted by the Spanish artist Cesar Manrique, and the sporty Z1 has been rather tastefully illustrated by eminent German modern artist Penck.

Other works include paint jobs by Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and Frank Stella. Although fully functioning (the early Art Cars actually competed in the Le Mans 24 hour race in France) the only circuit the Manrique and Penck cars will be joining is the museum circuit.

The inspiration behind Penck's bizarre symbols is a mystery, but when Manrique was let loose on the 730i he claimed he was "endeavouring to integrate the notions of speed and aerodynamics with the concept of aesthetic appeal in one and the same object." Which, in layman's terms, means the Spanish septuagenarian paints a bloody smart set of go-faster stripes and no mistake.

mayfair reads

Our round-up of the tastiest true stories from the world's press

FOR ALL the tales of the evil nature of Pit Bull terriers, the latest in the canine's list of crimes is car theft. But not just any car — a police car. Officers in Strathclyde were called to help control a stray dog and as they got out to catch him, he hopped in the open door and laid claim to the car. They battled for two hours trying to coax the excitable animal out of their patrol vehicle. At one point the raging Pit Bull managed to hit the siren button, frightening itself so much that he left a steaming reminder of his visit on the front seat. He was eventually captured with the help of a tranquilliser dart and a professional dog-catcher. *Edinburgh Evening News*

CALIFORNIAN teacher Edmund Hincks was convinced he'd travelled back in time after he had an out-of-body experience. Hincks, a Physics tutor, was driving home from college when he felt himself leave the car. "I floated around and came to rest in a street where people were dressed in old fashioned clothes and were driving horses and carriages," recalls Hincks. "I then walked into an ancient temple surrounded by holy light. Angels were looking down at me singing 'Eddie your penis tastes like an armadillo' to the tune of My Way by Frank Sinatra." Next thing he knew Hincks woke up to find himself in a ditch after he'd crashed his car. He was busy recounting the events to a baffled police officer when one of his students owned up to spiking Hincks' packed lunch with LSD. *LA Times*

mayfair recommends

Our selection of the best entertainment on offer this month

FILM

New Jack City Yo! This violent story of the rise and fall of an American drug lord should not be dismissed as just another blaxploitation movie. Starring Wesley Snipes and featuring controversial rapper Ice-T, it's an exciting, action-packed thriller that really kicks ass!

Naked Tango From the makers of *Kiss of the Spiderwoman* comes this darkly erotic romance set in the underworld of rival gangs and prostitution in 1920s Buenos Aires. It stars the stunning Mathilda May, France's new leading actress, who's tipped to be the next big thing. She's certainly built for it...

VIDEO

Tatie Danielle is a grimly funny tale about a cantankerous old bag of a woman who vents her spleen on anyone naive enough to be nice to her. This French production is summed up superbly by its wicked promotional poster: "You haven't met her yet, and she already hates you."

The Hairdresser's Husband Why is it that the French are making all the best films about sex? Probably because they've got a monopoly on stunning sexy actresses like Anna Galiena who can't wait to get their clothes off for the camera. Fetishism, fantasy and horny Frogs abound in this strange tale of a teenage girl's sexual urges for a male hairdresser.

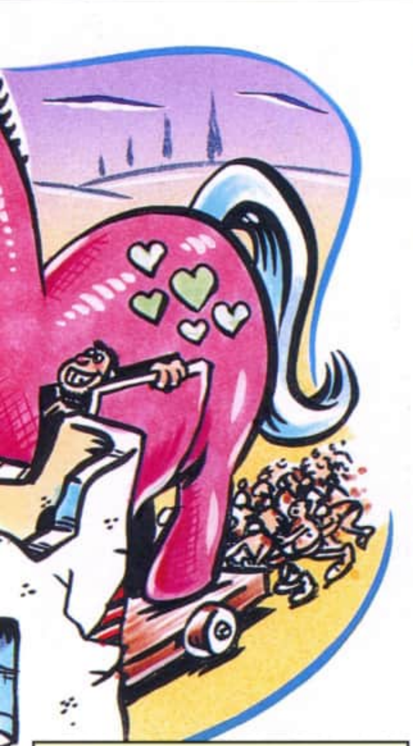
BOOKS

All Men Are Bastards The blurb says this diary for 1992, illustrated with witty cartoons and packed full with outrageous quotes, is "the unadulterated truth about men... that will keep women smiling through 365 men-hating days of the year." Strictly for the lady in your life — so you'll just have to make do with reading *Mayfair* instead!

ALL MEN ARE BASTARDS !!!
DIARY 1992

Parliament of Whores 'What the fuck do they do all day and why does it cost so fucking much money?' asks top selling US humorist and author of

P.J. O'ROURKE
PARLIAMENT
A LONE HUMORIST ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN THE ENTIRE US GOVERNMENT
OF WHORES



Instead of getting a mass of whores, Oddyseus ended up with a fifty foot version of My Little Pony.

ing himself to women. The idle Homer exhibition soon became a popular tourist attraction.

The Athenians were also an inventive lot. One of their most lasting innovations, which we still see today, was a large orange receptacle invented by Rentacrates.

Great Greek Myths — Part I

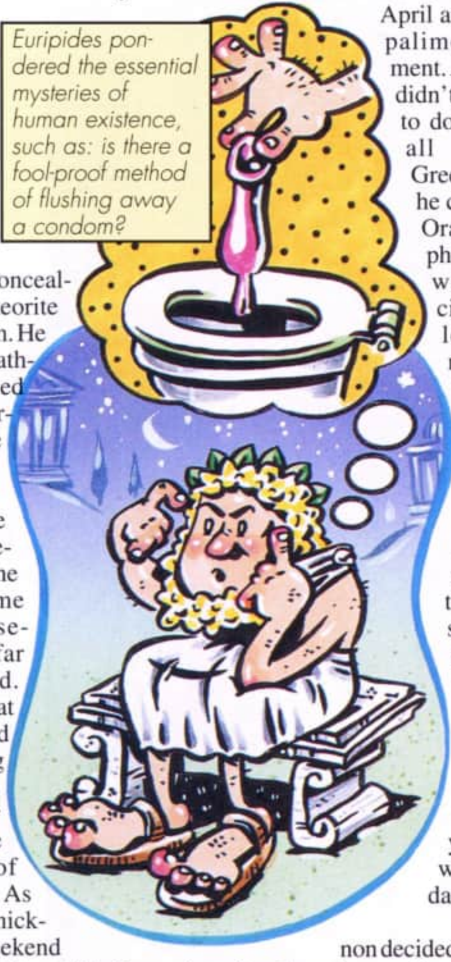
Jason and the Argosnauts — Jason and his crew set off to buy an electric kettle from a well-known discount store. On the way they face many perils: "The clashing pushchairs of Oxfordstreetes", "The sirens of Polis" and "The bus Queue of the Living Dead". When they get home they find the kettle has a faulty element, but the woman in the shop won't change it because they've lost the receipt.

Jason and the Lagerlouts — Jason and his crew set off in search of the Golden Fleece. Tragedy strikes when they find it five minutes after closing time.

Jason and The Orgynauts — Jason and his crew set off from Northern Greece in search of sexual adventure. Sadly, they end up in a women's self-catering site in Lesbos. Their frustration is partially alleviated by drinking gallons of retsina and fighting with the Germans.

Laurels and Hearties

Life in Ancient Greece wasn't all just heavy thinking. The Greeks also liked sport. Every weekend they would organize events at which athletes from all over the world hurled the javelin, put the shot and passed the urine sample. One of the greatest athletes of the day was a discus thrower, Edward of Kent. Better known in Ancient Greece as Discus Ted of Tunbridge Wells. Sadly Ted was later found to be concealing bits of meteorite about his person. He was the first athlete to be banned for using asteroid to enhance his performance.



Euripides pondered the essential mysteries of human existence, such as: is there a fool-proof method of flushing away a condom?

But while many were delighted with the athletics, some Greek housewives were far from satisfied. They found that after a hard day's tossing on the athletics field, their menfolk were incapable of stuffing a pitta. As a result they nicknamed the weekend sports the "Oh Limp Dick Games".

The games included all the events we know today. However, one major difference was that the athletes performed in the nude. This meant that well-endowed female shot-putters' careers often ended in confusion, the baton change in the men's 4 x 100 relay was extremely hazardous and women flocked to the ground whenever commentator Colemantes announced that Hercules was about to pull out the big one.

The winners of Olympic events were awarded a crown of laurels. This honour carried with it certain responsibilities. The wearer of the crown had to keep himself in a state of sexual purity. This is the origin of the proverb about "never wristing on your laurels".

Come Helen High Water

One of the most famous events in Greek History was the Trojan War. Helen of Troy had a face that launched a thousand ships. Champagne hadn't been invented. As a result she was a bit battered looking. This did not stop the Athenian King Agamemnon (whose brother Agadoo was famous for wagging his finger and shaking his shoe) from falling madly in love with her.

Alas for Agamemnon, Helen already had a Trojan lover, Paris. Later on she discovered Paris in April and got a vast palimony settlement. Agamemnon didn't know what to do and so like all confused Greek monarchs he consulted the Oracle at Delphi. The Oracle was the Ancient equivalent of the man who writes the notes on tax forms — completely incoherent. In reply to Agamemnon's question, "What shall I do about the Trojans?" the Oracle replied, "Wear a wooden stetson and your celery will dance at dawn".

Agamemnon decided to ignore the Oracle and go and beat the shit out of the Trojans instead. He set off to Troy with a vast army, determined to capture Helen's heart (and several other organs situated in a more southerly position).

Great Greek Myths — Part II

"Cerces was a woman who turned men into pigs" — In fact "Cerces" was the name of a particularly potent brown ale.

"Cyclops was a giant one-eyed monster" — In fact he was quite little and tended to shrivel up in cold weather.

"Pegasus was a flying horse" — Try putting a fiver on it to win the 3.30 and see what happens.

"The Vestal Virgins" — Ha!

The army contained some famous warriors: Achilles, so-called because he was a bit of a heel; Oddyseus, so-called because he was a real Goodie, and Perseus, so-called because he washed whiter. Despite these famous names, the Greeks could not capture Troy. This was because of stiff resistance from the Trojan Warrior Hector. And his companions Zaza and Kiki the Frog.

Eventually Oddyseus came up with a cunning plan. He realised that the men in Troy were becoming sexually frustrated and decided to lure them out by hiring a large group of prostitutes to disport themselves lasciviously in front of the city. Unfortunately, the man he gave orders to was a bit deaf. Rather than a mass of whores, Oddyseus ended up with a 50 foot version of My Little Pony. Luckily the Trojans were more frustrated than he thought, and Troy was captured.

Meanwhile, in Belgium...

Something almost happened, but not quite.

Stephan Backward's Time Traveller's Guide.

Part III — Ancient Greece

Currency: Gold coins. However, given the Ancient Greeks' sexual proclivities you may be able to exchange a few Francs and Marks.

Nightlife: Striptes' Club is the place for live floorshows. In Sparta, The Ball is more upmarket.

Food: Tasty dishes include Mouskouri and Madonna kebab. When in Athens, avoid any invitation to dine with Timon unless you like children. En croute.

What to buy: Avoid anything from historical sites. Ever since a visit from Lord Elgin, the Greeks have been ranting on about losing their marbles. Watch out too for conmen. The Golden Fleece is more than a mythological animal pelt.

Sex: Many beautiful Greek godesses choose to disguise themselves as geese. Be careful! Whilst a blow-job from a Greek goddess is a wonderful thing, a blow-job from a goose is likely to lead to considerable pain and prosecution from the RSPCA.

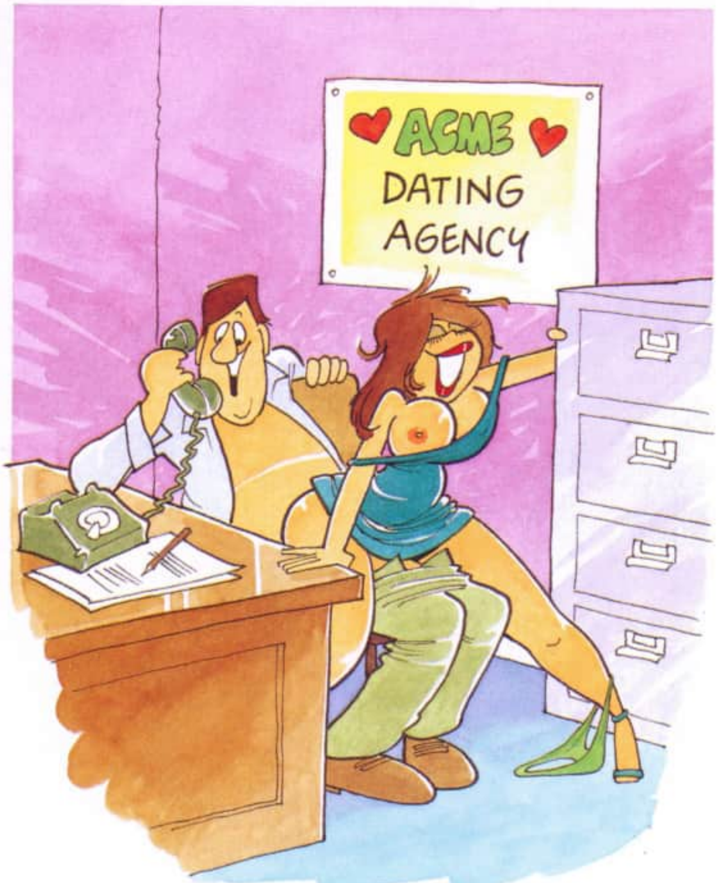
Summary: If your idea of fun is arguing with some bearded old codger about the duality of the human soul whilst fending off the sexual advances of a creature that's half-woman, half-badger, then this is the period for you!

LOVE ALL!

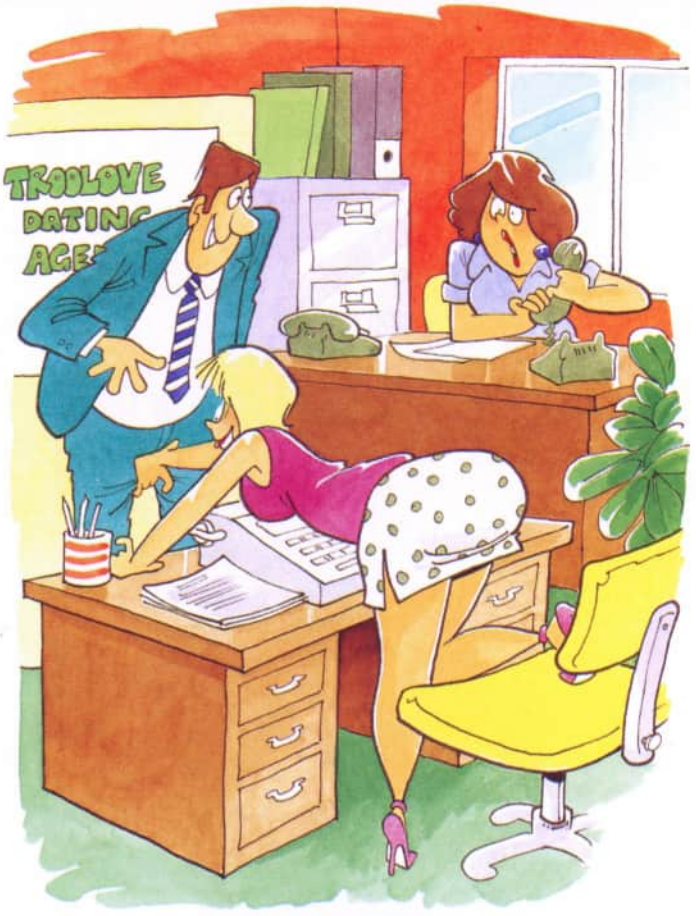
Wimbledon's deuce-iest girls court in the act!

If memory serves, this year's Wimbledon Tennis Championships were overflowing with rain and Germans, but there were some smashing girls too. Once the covers were off the *Flash!* camera was quick to catch some sporting shots of the sexiest shapes in tennis. New balls please!

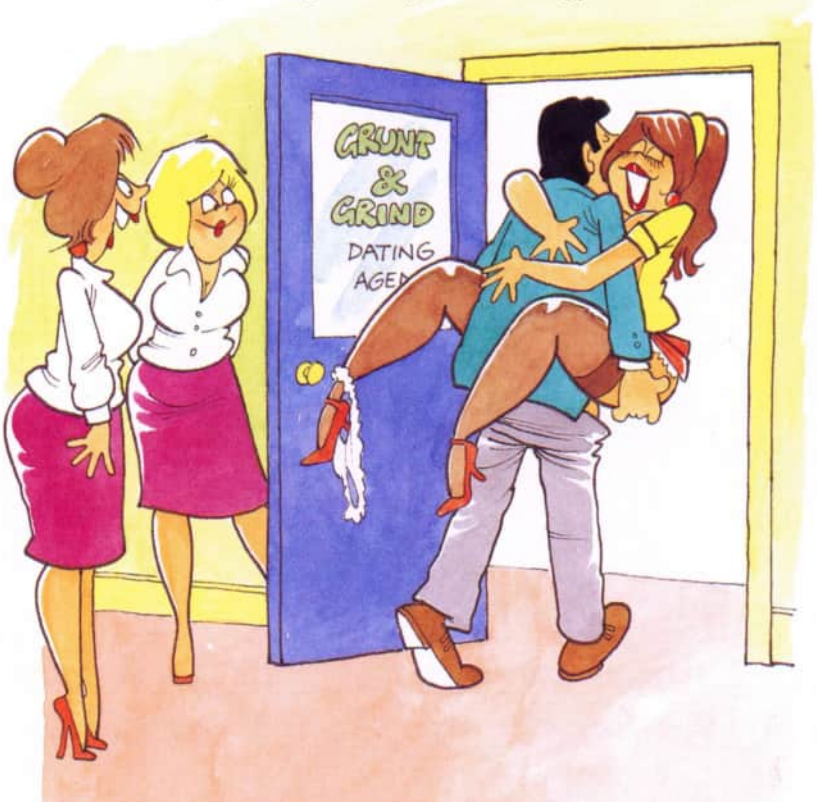
Right: gorgeous Gabriela Sabatini goes for it. Below right: Italian Laura Golarsa. Below: cheeky Brit Sarah Loosemore.


ACME
DATING
AGENCY

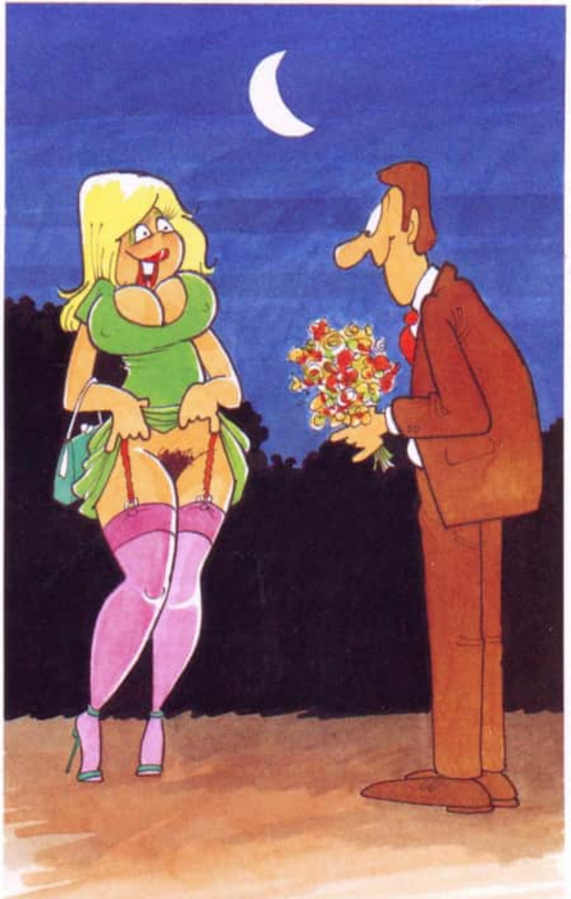
'Wonderful news, Mr Clarke... I think I've found that vivacious, fun-loving brunette you were looking for'


TROOLOVE
DATIN
AGE

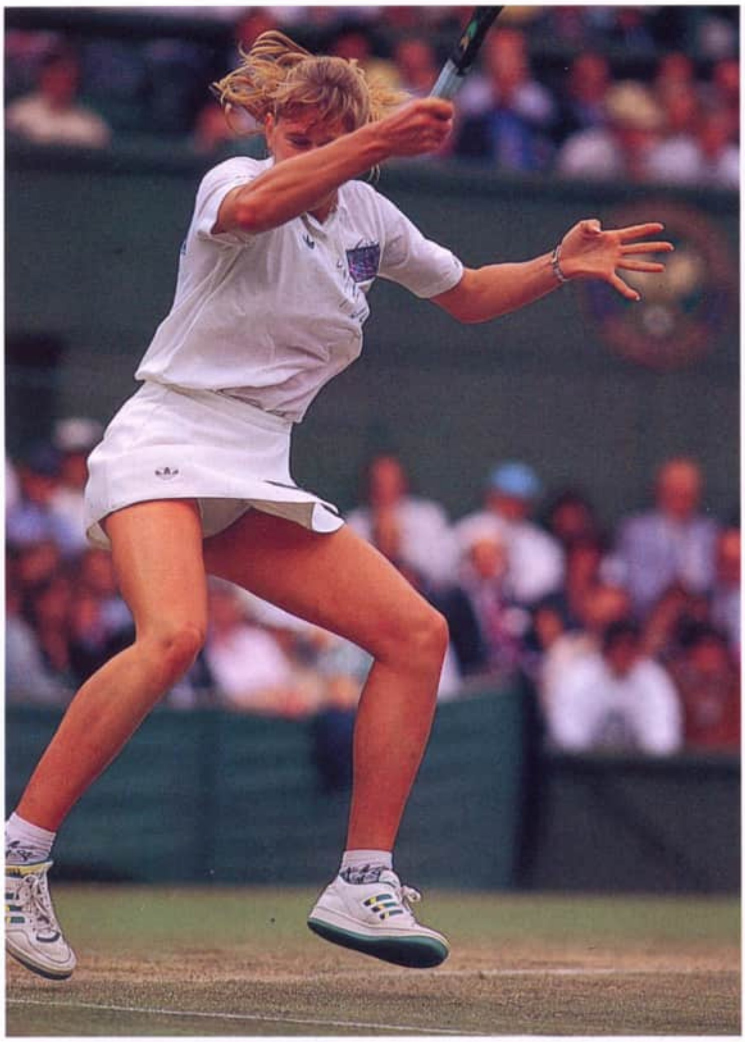
'You'll have to excuse Louise... She likes to have first pick'


GRUNT
&
GRIND
DATING
AGE

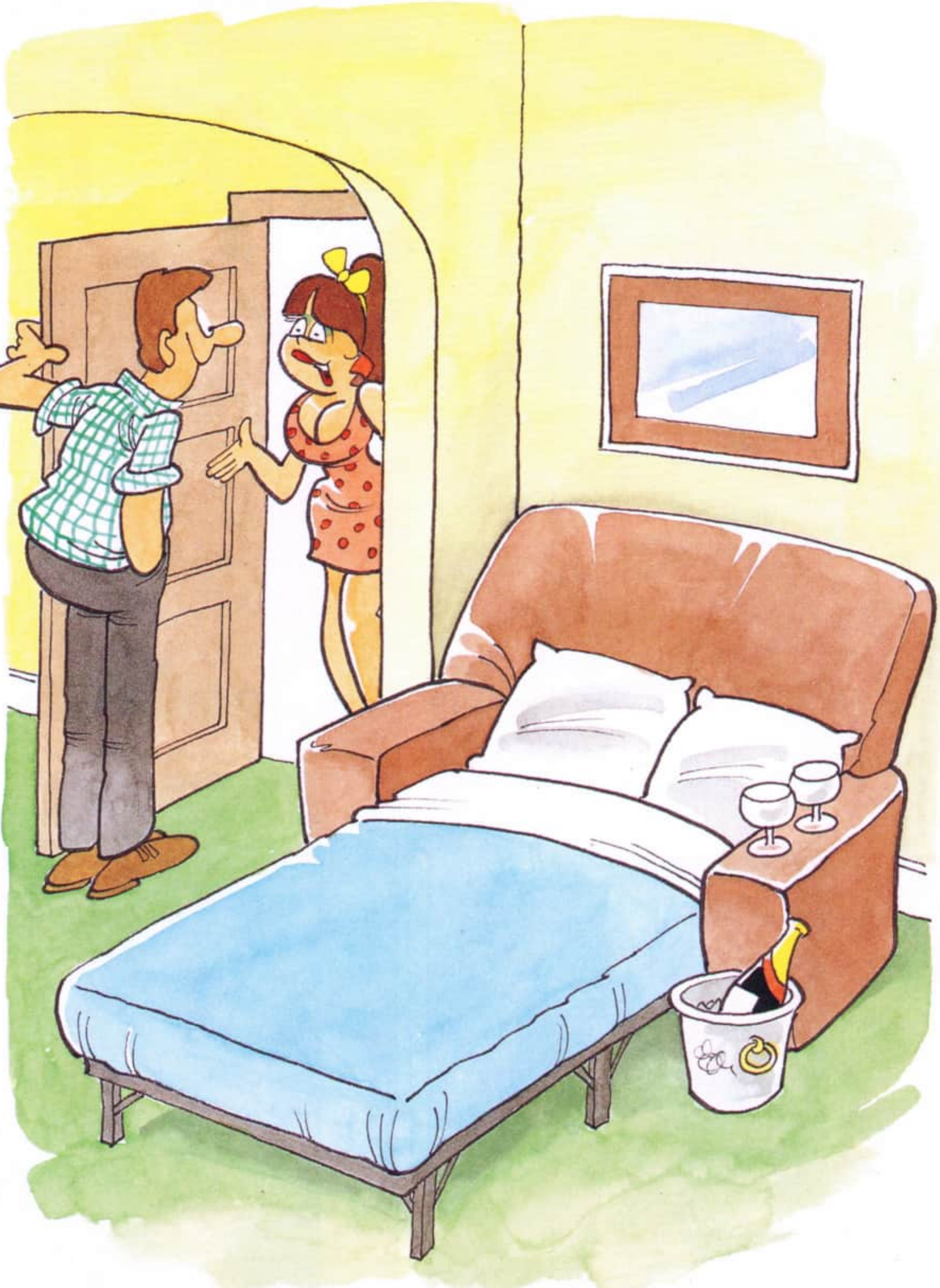
'Another satisfied couple'



'The dating agency couldn't read your writing... They weren't sure whether you stated a preference for a blonde or a brunette'



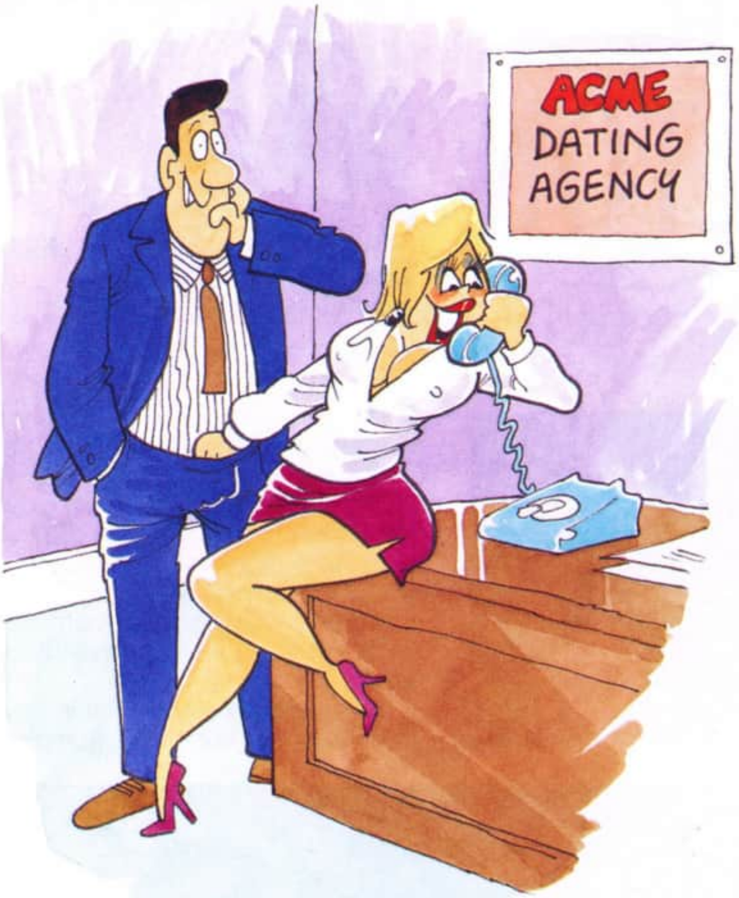
Top, top right, far right: a triple helping of reigning women's champion Steffi Graf. Above and right: a pretty pair from saucy Yugoslavian Monica Seles.



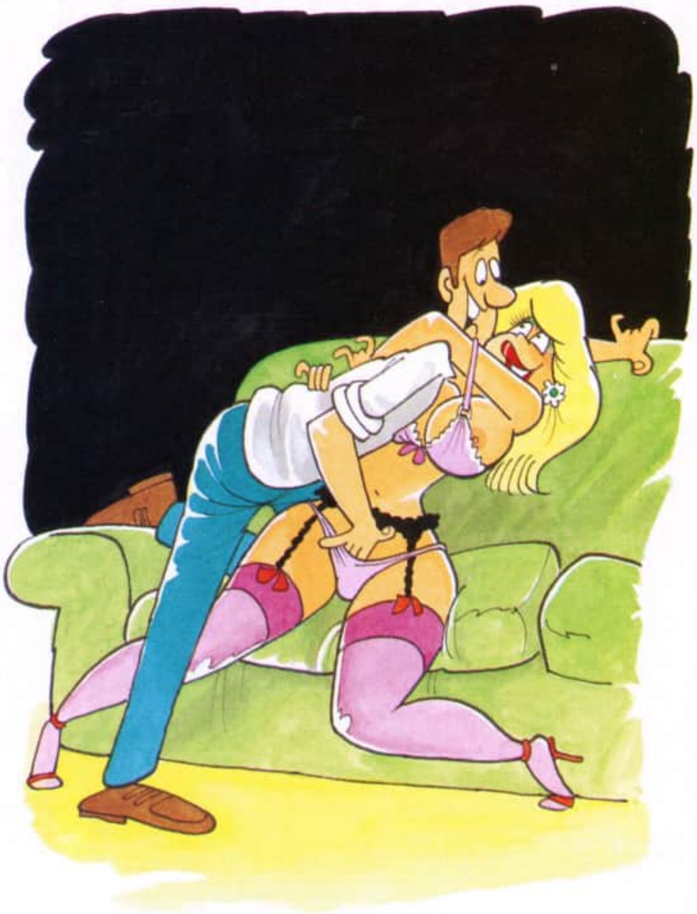
'I 'm from the dating agency. You were expecting me, weren't you?'

Forget clubs, pubs and discos: smart cookies get their nookie at the dating agency. Cartoonist Anthony wears a pink carnation

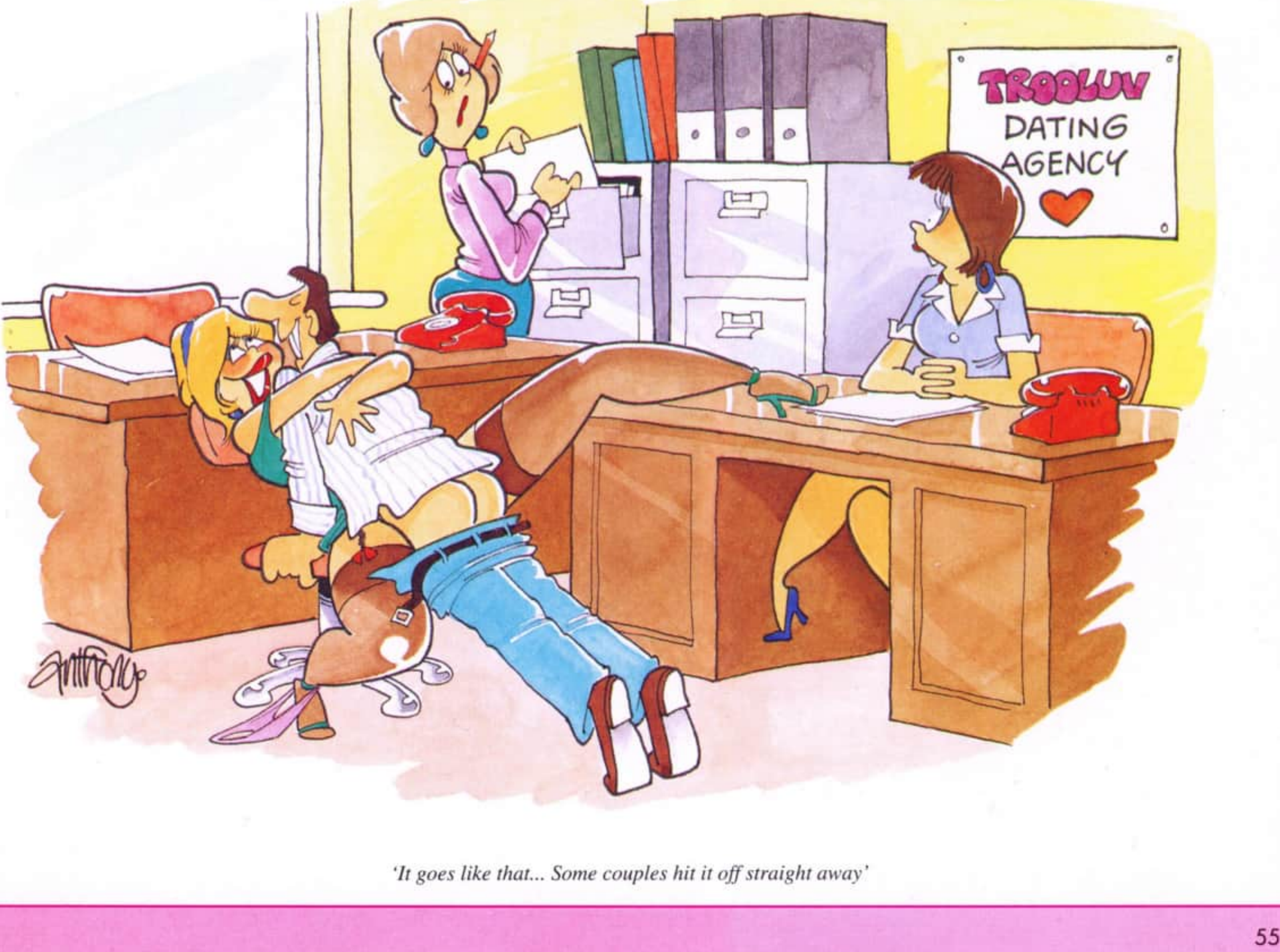
Juicy Dates


ACME
DATING
AGENCY

'He's twenty-five... Approximately six feet tall... Dark brown hair... And I should think about eight inches when fully erect'



'By the way, what's your real name? I can't keep calling you 'Shy and reserved from Manchester'


TROOLUV
DATING
AGENCY

'It goes like that... Some couples hit it off straight away'

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

The holiday atmosphere often brings out our adventurous side. Quest examines the case histories of four respondents who found their holiday had a profound and unexpected effect on their sex lives.

Quest: Where did you go on holiday, and why?
Banker: At the time, my wife and I were not getting along very well at all. Our sex life had pretty much ground to a halt and I was occupying myself with two girlfriends. I thought our marriage was over.

So I thought of somewhere she'd really like to go for the last time — when we got back, I planned to tell her I was leaving. Julie was surprised by my offer of a holiday, and she chose the gulf of Mexico. She has always liked heat, sea and sand.

Quest: What had gone wrong in your marriage?
Banker: When we first met, we spent so much time in bed we barely had time for anything else. We really learned about each other's bodies and fantasies, and for a few years sex was great. But then making love with Julie just seemed to be missing something.

Quest: What happened when you were on holiday?
Banker: We'd booked a suite in a massive hotel on the beachfront, and as soon as we arrived, Julie pulled on her bikini and went down to the beach. It was early evening, and though it was roasting hot, there was no one there except this couple, slightly younger than us, obviously staying at the hotel too. I did a double-take on the woman — she was gorgeous — and then I noticed that the man was staring at my wife. And I don't mean just a casual gaze — this guy couldn't take his eyes off her. He fancied her! I was pretty taken aback. I'd sort of forgotten that she might be fanciable.

It pissed me off to have him staring at her, but when I looked at her myself, I thought, well actually she does look pretty nice. I was going to go into the sea and maybe give her a bit of a half-hearted fondle, when the other woman called out to me.

"Hello," she said. "Are you staying at the hotel?"

I told her we were and introduced myself. She told me her name was Kate, and her

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Male
Age.... 35
Town of origin.... Birmingham
Other details.... This tall banking executive has been married for eight years. His sex life was altered dramatically by a holiday in 1990 with his wife.

Quest

husband, Mike, shook my hand. They were Americans, down for a couple of weeks. Kate offered me a beer and patted her towel, indicating I should sit next to her. I glanced at Mike to see if he minded, but he was too engrossed in watching Julie. So I sat next to Kate and she opened me up a beer.

Quest: Did you find the situation exciting?

Banker: I certainly began to then! Sitting next to a gorgeous woman who was definitely coming on to me had a sexual effect on me. I was getting a hard-on in my trunks, so I casually put my towel over it, hoping nobody would notice. But Kate smiled at me, pulled the towel off and put her hand over my rod! I couldn't believe it. I didn't know what to do. I stared round wildly, but neither Mike nor Julie had any interest. Mike, in fact, got up to swim in the sea with my wife.

"Moan after moan escaped her as she squirmed faster and harder on his pole"

Without hesitation, Kate began to massage my cock through my trunks. My hard-on stiffened as she skillfully rubbed her palm and fingers over my shaft, soon slipping her hands inside so that she could grip me better. I closed my eyes and leaned back. I hadn't felt a touch like that practically since I was first married. She plainly enjoyed touching a bloke.

She began to ease my trunks down, and when I opened my eyes, I saw that her other hand was inside her bikini top, rubbing her nipple. I reached over and squeezed her other breast. It was warm, round and soft in my hand, and I moved my thumb over her nipple until it pressed up against my fingers.

She obviously liked that because she moaned quietly and began to wriggle out of her bikini bottoms. As this point, I glanced out to the sea to see what was going on with Mike and my wife.

I couldn't believe my eyes. He was standing in the water and she had her legs wrapped round his waist. He supported her with his hands while she bounced up and down on his cock, her head thrown back in abandon. Mike kneaded her bum cheeks and sucked on her nipples as her breasts bounced before his face. Moan after moan escaped her as she squirmed faster and harder on his pole, trying to stimulate both her love tunnel with her strokes and to rub her clit against the base of his cock. Mike's face was contorted with pleasure, and by the way he clutched and sucked frantically at her, it was obvious he was close to his climax.

But I didn't have much time to ponder it any further, because I felt my own cock enveloped by a cool, juicy pair of lips. Kate was crouched between my thighs, sliding her mouth up and down my shaft while she cupped my balls with one hand and rubbed furiously between her legs with the other.

While the sensations began to come to the boil, I fixed my eyes on my wife, writhing and moaning on this other man's cock, and suddenly she looked to me like the most exciting sexual animal I'd ever seen. I wanted her more than I ever had before. I was overcome by amazing sexual excitement and jealousy; as Kate increased her sucking on my cock, bringing me to an explosive orgasm, I imagined that my cock plunging deep into Julie and that she was screaming with a climax on my tool. I spurted into Kate's mouth, and her lips sucked out every last drop before she swallowed my whole load.

Quest: So did it stop there?

Banker: Kate wouldn't let it! She saw my erection wasn't going to fade, so she pulled my shorts up and hustled me back to the hotel.

In their room she stripped off her swimsuit and lay on the bed. I was going to join her but she told me to wait: she slowly parted her legs and began to rub her pussy in front of me, looking into my eyes as she did it. She was wet inside and she wanted me to see it.

It was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen, but I couldn't stand it for too long: I had to have her. I lay over her on the bed and entered in one thrust: her pussy felt tight and hot and she groaned as I pushed further in. It was the best screw I'd had for years.

I heard the lock click on the door, and I knew it would be Mike and Julie, but by this time I just didn't care. Julie gasped when she saw what was happening, but after a minute she stripped too and climbed onto the bed. Well, in fact she climbed onto Kate, kneeling over her face and placing her pussy straight over her mouth.

I knelt up, still screwing Kate, and looked at Julie. Her eyes were shut tight as Kate licked at her clitty, but her hands were pinching her nipples and she was moaning softly. She looked incredibly horny!

After a couple of minutes Julie opened her eyes, looked at me and said "God — I'm going to come!" She ground her pussy over Kate's face, just starting to reach her peak. At the same time I felt Kate's pussy walls contract: I thrust hard into her, and from her muffled moans I knew she was coming too.

Julie fell back, exhausted. Then to top it off Mike, who had been masturbating as he watched the three of us go at it, came over and thrust his cock into Kate's mouth. The poor girl hardly had a chance to take a breath, but she didn't seem to mind! He came straight away, and I saw Kate gulp, swallowing it as the last of her orgasm washed over her.

Seeing that sent me over the edge at last: I pulled out and spurted my come all over Kate's belly. It was terrific.

We all collapsed together and sort of dozed for a while after that, though it was a bit embarrassing when we all came to our senses.

Quest: How did you resolve such a unique experience?

Banker: Quite easily! Kate and Mike explained that they got a buzz out of seducing other couples; and although I didn't feel we could be friends, I felt almost grateful for the revelation they had given me about my wife. I've never been happier or more satisfied.

Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 22
Town of origin.... Edinburgh
Other details.... This attractive and independent travel agent uses her holidays as a chance to be socially and sexually carefree.

Quest: When did you discover the thrill of sex on holiday?

Travel Agent: Three years ago, I went away with my friend Patsy. We were well suited as we liked the same things at home — clubs, dancing and interesting blokes. We picked Benidorm — yes I know it's crap, but basically we just wanted a laugh, a hot version of Blackpool, if you like.

We were in this horrendous hotel right over a club so that it was impossible to sleep. If you didn't stay up all night at the club, you'd stay up all night in bed! Unfortunately, the blokes there were the worst sort of English lager-louts, and I'm afraid I didn't reckon much to the moody Germans either, though Patsy seemed happy enough.

So one evening, I told her I was going to head out a bit to the outskirts, and see if I could find a local haunt. I suppose it was a reckless thing to do, but that's what holidays are for.

Quest: And you found what you were looking for?

Travel agent: And more! I found this bar about three miles outside the centre, and inside it was packed with locals, all chattering away in Spanish. As soon as I walked in, there was a bit of a hush as all the men stared at me. I bought myself a drink and stood in the corner.

I kept catching the eye of this incredibly gorgeous bloke. He was tall and dark and I could see he had a sensational body underneath his T-shirt and shorts. It wasn't long before he came over to me. I could barely speak the language but we managed to communicate enough to get across what was on our minds.

Quest: Which was?

Travel Agent: Well, sex basically. I know it sounds a bit outrageous, but that's all I could think of when I looked at him. I wanted to run my hands all over him there and then. There was this real electricity between us. I could tell Mario felt the same. We went out for a walk along the beach, and that was when I got my first taste of sex — rough and ready beach style! We reached a chalet and he pulled me to him and kissed me, really deeply. He lifted me off the ground and pinned me against the chalet wall with his body, running his hands all over me, as though he was so excited he couldn't decide where to start. The friction of his body against mine set me off straight away, and my nipples tingled as our bodies rubbed together.

I could feel his hard crotch pressing against me, and by the feel of things then, he had a pretty hefty piece of equipment in those shorts. I wriggled my hand down between us, and managed to unzip his shorts so that I could slip my fingers inside. His cock was hot and hard — and big. My fingers instinctively curled round it as we kissed and in response, he moaned and kissed me harder.

He hitched up my tight skirt, and with a dextrousness that surprised me, also managed to get his shorts down and kicked off. I wrapped my legs around his waist and felt his cock hard against my pussy mound. In that position I found I could move up and down against him, and when I did I felt his cock slide deliciously between my pussy lips, covering itself with my juices. I masturbated myself against his tool, moaning as with each stroke it rubbed against my clitoris.

It was ecstasy for us both, and I knew Mario couldn't take much more. He guided his cock between my lips and into my hole, then his strong arms enveloped me and he began to move me up and down on his pole. I didn't have to do anything, so I simply relaxed, threw my head back and moaned as the sensations rushed over me. Mario started off slowly and firmly, then gradually began to speed up.

Soon I could feel myself losing control. I began to move against him, circling my hips on his cock so that I could feel it deeper inside me. I was close to an orgasm, even though Mario had done none of the usual "foreplay" that a right-thinking English girl comes to expect. As he thrust into me harder, I felt my pussy begin to contract, and this, it seemed was too much for Mario. With a long groan, he shot his load inside me, and the two of us clung together as our climaxes hit us.

I spent most of the rest of my holiday with Mario after that. He was too delicious to leave!

"He turned Patsy round and pushed her over the arm of the sofa"

Quest: What about your friend?

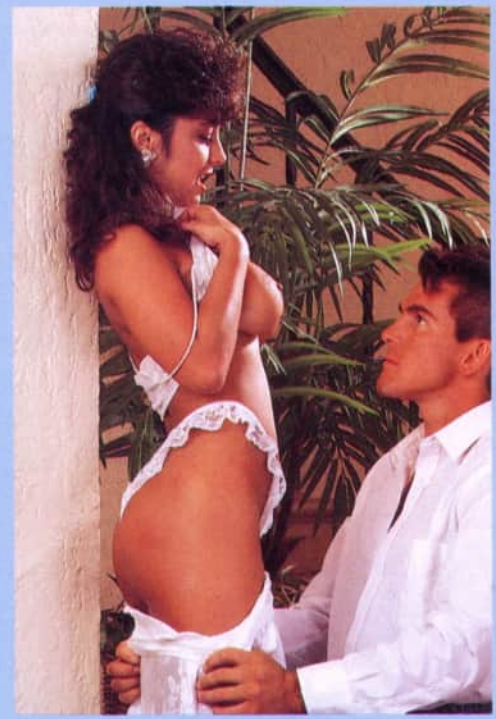
Travel Agent: Patsy? Well, I did feel a bit guilty about that. I went down to see a couple of days before we were due to go back, and it turned out she hadn't had such a good time. She'd got bored with the people round where she was staying. I told Mario, and saw him get a twinkle in his eye: then he said it was a shame her holiday hadn't been too good, and suggested we give her a last night to remember!

Quest: What did he have in mind?

Travel Agent: What do you think? We turned up at our hotel room that evening with a couple of bottles of wine. I think she knew what was going on from the moment she saw us at the door. She was certainly keen after a couple of weeks of frustration!

When we'd had a few glasses I left them to go to the loo, and I made sure I spent enough time there to let Mario get Patsy interested. I needn't have worried: when I came out Patsy had her top and bra off, and Mario was sucking her nipples while she leaned back on the sofa. She had her hand down his trousers, fingering that big, hard cock I knew so well.

I didn't really want to get involved — I'm not a lesbian — but I damn well did want to watch! It was such a horny sight. I sat on the bed, pulled my skirt up and my knickers down, and settled back with my hand on my pussy to enjoy the show.



Mario was being a little more gentle with Patsy than he had been with me. He picked her up, put her on her feet and undid her skirt: she was wearing stockings and suspenders, but no knickers. When I saw that I knew she had been hoping this would happen!

Mario obviously loved her undies, anyway. He knelt in front of her and ran his hands up and down her silky legs, just touching her bare thighs at the top of her stockings. I could see her pussy was wet — it was actually glistening — and she swayed slightly: she looked hot and flushed and I thought she might pass out!

Then Mario ran his hands over her bottom, gripped her cheeks and began to suck her pussy. She started moaning and shaking, and in about thirty seconds she trembled violently and came, all in a rush.

Mario looked a bit shocked that she'd climaxed so quickly, but Patsy obviously wanted more and said, "Will you fuck me now?" He didn't hesitate then! He turned Patsy round and pushed her over the arm of the sofa. Her bottom was sticking in the air and framed by those suspenders: it looked so sexy and dirty! I had been rubbing my clit slowly, taking my time, but when I saw that I had to push two fingers inside myself and start frigging my pussy too.

He rubbed his cock up and down her slit until it was wet with her juices, and then pushed it in. Patsy gripped the sides of the sofa and told him to screw her hard and fast: he did, slamming it in right to the hilt before pulling out to the tip, then pushing it right home again. Patsy pushed one hand between her legs so she could play with herself while he fucked her, and soon she was on the point of coming again.

By this time I was a bit crazy with lust as well, and I started to talk dirty to them.

Quest: What did you say?

Quest

Travel Agent: I told Mario to screw her harder, and I asked Patsy if she wanted him to. She said, "Yes, I want him to fuck me as hard as he can." Her saying that really turned me on, somehow: I told her to go on, so with every stroke she was moaning "Yes... yes... yes."

Mario thrust one last time and came deep inside her, while Patsy groaned out "I'm coming!" as well. I saved mine until they'd both finished, and then I rubbed my clit faster and came while they watched.

Quest: What happened when it was time to leave?

Travel Agent: That was the strange thing about it really. Although we'd had a marvellous time — and I'd probably had the best sex of my life — none of us wanted anything more, deep down. We exchanged addresses with Mario, but I knew I'd never write, and I lost contact with Patsy. It was pure sex — something I've never experienced before, but intend to experience again next year!

Quest: So how do you intend to spend your holidays in future?

Travel Agent: Finding out about the local people and their customs — if you know what I mean!

PERSONAL FILE

Name.... Miss D

Age.... 22

Town of origin.... Manchester

Other details.... This blonde sales rep was a confirmed heterosexual until a recent holiday in Scotland.

Quest: How do you feel after your holiday earlier this year?

Sales Rep: Where do I start? It has changed my life. Sometimes I think for the worse, because now things are so much more complicated; but mainly for the better, because I am finally satisfied and fulfilled.

Quest: How did this come about?

Sales Rep: I went on holiday with my boyfriend, Andy. We don't like ordinary beach holidays, so we went on a hiking holiday in Scotland. We stayed in this lovely medieval hotel overlooking a loch and the mountains, and we'd booked an olde worlde room with a four-poster bed. We intended it to be a really romantic getaway for the two of us. It was a good thing we'd booked somewhere nice, because shortly after we arrived the weather turned really nasty and it was virtually impossible to go out.

I actually rather enjoyed it. I love relaxing, and I didn't miss the exercise really. But Andy started getting moody, and we started squabbling. So I largely ignored him and sat in the lounge reading my book.

I struck up a friendship with another girl who was there. Her name was Michelle, and she'd intended to do lots of walking too, but she took being stranded very well. While Andy stormed out and tried to go hiking in the blizzards, we got chatting, and found we were spending most of the day giggling and having an extremely good time.

"Michelle let out a moan as I rubbed my palms over her nipples"

One afternoon we'd had some lunch when Michelle suggested we have some brandies with our coffee. In what seemed a remarkably short time, we were both completely legless and giggling. In fact we were making so much noise that the manager suggested that we might like to vacate the lounge as we were disturbing the other guests.

Michelle suggested we go to her room — which was even more ornate than ours. She lit the huge open fire and opened a bottle of wine that she had in her fridge. I didn't notice that we were sliding closer together, but suddenly it occurred to me that I felt very warm and comfortable. It seemed the most natural thing in the world suddenly to reach over and stroke her hair.

There was an awkward silence, then to my surprise she responded by leaning over and kissing me lightly on the lips. The sensation was electric. I kissed her back, and before I knew it, our mouths were pressed together, our tongues exploring each other's mouth. She had a really soft kiss, and when she brushed her lips over my face and neck it sent shivers all over me.

On the rug in front of the fire I began slowly to strip her. Beneath her lacy blouse her soft breasts filled a silky bra. I ran my fingers over them, and her nipples poked up against the material. Michelle let out a moan as I reached under her bra and rubbed my palms over her nipples, kneading and squeezing her breasts as I did so. I couldn't believe how good it felt to stroke another woman's body. It had never happened before to me.

I wanted to touch her more, so I rolled her over onto her front so that I could stroke and rub her bottom. Quickly, I stripped off my own clothes and began to run my hands over her thighs and buttocks. I parted her thighs and stroked my hands along the insides, just the place I know is best for a woman..

Quest: How did you know what to do, when this had never happened to you before?

Sales Rep: I suppose I did to her exactly what I'd like done to me. I think that's the thrill of it actually. I slowly worked my way up between her legs until I was brushing against the dark blonde bush of her pubic hair. I slid a finger between her pussy lips, and I found that she was sticky and aroused already. That was really exciting, to feel another woman wet at my touch. Her lips were soft and swollen and as I rubbed a finger between them, I worked my hand to my own mound.

I pressed on my mound as I watched my finger disappearing into Michelle's love-hole. As she got even juicier, I found I could work two fingers into her. I pushed them in as far as they would go, and felt her pussy muscles gripping them tightly. She started moaning and pushing against me, then she rolled over and opened her legs.

I could see what she wanted me to do, and although I'd never done anything like it before, I knew I wanted to try. Her pussy was pink and swelled up, and the lips were glistening with juice. I knelt between her thighs and pressed my face towards her pussy.

Quest: How did it taste?

Sales Rep: Both the taste and smell of her were incredibly erotic. I ran my tongue gently through her soft pubic hair along her slit, then pressed into her warm hole. Juice seeped out into my mouth, encouraging me further. I explored between her lips, working my way to her clitoris which I could feel growing hard under my tongue.

Michelle writhed against my face, and I

could feel that she was nearly coming. I thrust my tongue into her hole, feeling it grow hot and tense. With a long groan, her thighs clamped round me as she came, and I could feel the contractions around my tongue and against my face.

We spent the rest of the day making love, and I completely forgot the time. At about six there was a scramble to get dressed and I rushed downstairs. My boyfriend had been looking for me for an hour and wasn't very pleased.

Quest: That was the end of your relationship with Michelle.

Sales Rep: Well, no. Actually, we're living together. We kept in touch by letter and phone, and it was soon pretty clear that we were meant to be together. Andy took it quite well considering. In fact, we're thinking of letting him join in as a reward!

Quest: Thank you.

Quest

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Mrs N
Age.... 26
Town of origin.... London
Other details.... This attractive former student is married with two children.

Quest: Do you consider yourself sexually experienced?

Mrs N: Oh no. Before I met my husband I'd had very few relationships, and only one that was at all sexual.

Quest: Why was that?

Mrs N: My priorities simply lay elsewhere for several years. I was working hard at my studies and didn't have time for relationships.

Quest: But you must have had a sexual drive during that time?

Mrs N: Of course. But I found I could satisfy myself quite adequately.

Quest: So what happened to change all that?

Mrs N: I finished my studies and decided to take a long holiday. There was no one to go with so I went on my own. I picked Paris, as I've always wanted to go there.

I think subconsciously I wanted to 'let go' after those years of hard study. When I met Pierre, I didn't get the usual voice in my head telling me to hold back and not get involved.

He was the waiter at the pavement café where I had my breakfast every morning. He was very good-looking and extremely attentive, and on my second day we struck up a conversation — his English was very good — and I found that we seemed to have a lot in common.

But I didn't give it much thought, and actually didn't go to the café for a couple of days. Then something really strange happened.

"I was so wet I was convinced my juices would be seeping through my shorts"

Quest: Go on.

Mrs N: I went to bed early at my hotel and had my first really erotic dream. I dreamt that Pierre came into my room, silently pulled back the covers and slipped his hand between my legs. He began to rub gently between my cunt lips, then his fingertip centred on on my clitoris and began to apply this incredible erotic pressure. I couldn't see him and he didn't speak. It was all touch. He slipped a finger into my pussy and began thrusting — and that was when I woke up, just as an orgasm swept over me, I looked down and saw my own hand between my legs, covered in juice and aching, from the session I'd just given myself.

After that, I couldn't stop thinking about him and I knew I'd have to do something about it. So I dressed myself up to the nines and got myself down to café.

It was almost as if he'd been having erotic dreams about me too, because as soon as I got there he rushed over. "Please... can I meet you later?" he asked me.

After his shift, we went into the first hotel we came to. I'd never done anything like it, but I was in the grip of some amazing sexual urge. We didn't speak as we went to our room. As soon as the door closed, I pulled Pierre to me. I ran my hands all over him, enjoying the feel of his body beneath his clothes. His hands moved to my breasts, following their outline with his fingers, running his fingertips over my nipples, tweaking and rubbing them.

What surprised me was how long he spent on me without even taking my clothes off! The French really are fantastic lovers. He lay me on the bed, stroking me all over, and rubbing my mound through my shorts. I was getting so wet that I was convinced my juices would be seeping through my shorts! He undid my blouse and pressed his lips around my nipple, sucking it until it was hard and erect and almost unbearably sensitive.

I fumbled with his jeans, pulling them down round his hips. I curled my fingers round his cock and began to wank him, the feeling of it hardening in my hand turning me on so much that my other hand found its way into my shorts and onto my swollen clitoris. I swung round so that I was sitting on the edge of the bed and Pierre was in front of me, his cock at the perfect height for me to slip into my mouth. I'd never done that before, but it suddenly seemed the most natural thing in the world.

I licked him carefully found the tip, sucking gently round his helmet. Pierre moaned and ran his fingers through my hair. I worked his cock further into my mouth, runnning my tongue firmly underneath. I wasn't sure if I was doing it right, but by the way his shaft stiffened and Pierre began thrusting gently between my lips, it seemed I was.

I grasped the base so that I could lick and suck more firmly. My other hand worked between my legs thrusting into my hole and rubbing over my clit. We got into a rhythm of sucking and rubbing, which got my pussy hot and wet around my fingers and full of sensations more intense than I had experienced on my own.

I could barely concentrate on Pierre's cock as my orgasm mounted deep inside me and then swept over me. I gave a final firm suck along his whole length and that was enough. With an amazing groan, Pierre shot his load, into my mouth. I swallowed as much of it as I could, licking and wiping the rest from where it had overflowed onto my face and neck.

We didn't leave that hotel room for a whole week, during which time, I discovered sex and how it really could be. Pierre lost his job, but it didn't really matter as we decided he'd come back to England with me.

Quest: And what happened?

Mrs N: Well, we got married! I couldn't let someone as sexy as that out of my sights! We've been married for five years now, and sex has remained as good as when we first met.

Quest: Thank you. Ⓜ

THE BIG PICTURE

Steve Russell, screenwriter, was a man with vision. All his script needed was a film producer with vision. So perhaps taking it to Danzig was a mistake... by Howard Lake.

Xaveira Productions was located in a shabby side street behind a sex shop in Soho. I pressed the buzzer and a woman's voice answered, irritated: "Yeah?" it enquired.

It was sure-fire winner — a potential Oscar nominee, no worries. *Romance in Rome* had the lot: action, love, laughs, classic songs. All it needed was a producer with the right kind of clout and we were away. And here I was at last!

"Steve Russell," I answered. "*Romance in Rome* — we talked on the phone yesterday."

"Oh yeah, yeah. Come on in."

In the corner of Danzig's office was a girl aged about 20, bleached blonde hair teased towards the roof, a Marks and Spencer's mac belted round her waist. Her face, though pretty, suffered from an excess of Boots Number 7, while the fag drooping from her lips hardly made her the picture of unsullied innocence. She nodded at me in a bored way, looking me up and down.

Behind a makeshift desk sat Danzig, a diminutive figure in a crumpled blue suit which had seen better days, hair rendolent of Brylcreem and a fat cigar clamped between his teeth. He motioned for me to take a seat. In front of him sat my script.

Danzig puffed at his cigar. "I like this plenty, kid. You gotta lot of potential and — y'know? — I think we got us a good damn script here."

I could barely contain my excitement. "You're going to make it?" I gasped. Danzig nodded.

"Of course, there'll have to be a few changes...The scene with the tank battle will have to go," he announced. "No way can we get 500 Sherman tanks at such short notice. And the tap-dancing dwarves — we're going to have to lose that one too. But with those alterations we should start shooting in a fortnight's time."

I was stunned. "A fortnight? Isn't that a bit soon?"

Danzig shrugged. "It's the movies, son. S'all about deadlines. We shoot as soon we got the location sorted out."

"The location," I said. "What's it going to be — Hollywood? Rome? The Caribbean?"

Danzig drew long and hard on his cigar. "Somewhere like that, kid," he assured me. "Now if you'll wait just a minute, I've got some details to finalise." He went out of the room.

The girl dragged deeply on her cigarette before speaking. "I'm Denise," she drawled. "I'm one of Tom's leading ladies."

I must have looked doubtful, because she got up and came towards me. "But I need a real break," she said. "Will you put me in your film?"

Her voice was remarkably soft for a girl who looked so streetwise. Her lips on my own were even softer. Still holding her cigarette aloft, she began to undo her mac. Underneath was a thin blouse, through which I could see ample, bra-less breasts moving gently. She wore a tight skirt, which covered about the top two inches of her firm thighs.

Her tongue exploring my mouth prevented me saying anything. Not that I had much to say. Months in a garret working on my script had kept me away from all women apart from

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

A man went to the doctor's.

"And how can I help you?" asked the doctor.

The patient was strangely quiet.

"Come on, speak up, don't be shy," encouraged the GP.

"I can't speak up," whispered the young man hoarsely, "I've lost my voice."

"Oh, I see! Open your mouth, let me have a look at your throat. Mmmm, that's interesting, there doesn't seem to be anything wrong there. Undo your shirt..."

The poorly man unbuttoned his shirt and the doctor listened to his chest.

"That's even stranger, there's nothing wrong there either," said the medico. "Undo your trousers."

Silently, the patient took down his trousers and his underpants to reveal a massive member hanging almost down to his knees.

"My my!" exclaimed the doc, "That must the problem. Your willy is sapping the strength from the rest of your body. I'm afraid we shall have to cut around 12 inches off to restore it to a normal size."

The man looked a little disconsolate, but said that he would do whatever was necessary, so the doctor whipped off his extra foot right there.

A week later, the man was back.

"Doctor, doctor," he bellowed, "you've got to help me. My wife's complaining. She doesn't like the shouting or the short willy. Put it back at once."

"Sorry, it's too late," whispered the doctor hoarsely.

"Mummy, mummy," cried the young boy delightedly on returning from his first day in senior school, "the teacher says I'm going to have special training as an astronaut!"

"Really?" said his mother, somewhat surprised. "Why, what did he say?"

"He said all I'm going to do for the next year is take up Space in his classroom."

Bill returned from a long holiday and was met at the airport by his brother, John.

"Anything happen while I was away?" Bill asked him.

"Your cat died," replied John bluntly.

"What!" exclaimed Bill totally devastated by the news. "My beautiful Tiddles is dead. That's awful. Oh God."

And with that he broke down in tears. John put his arm around him consolingly.

"Why didn't you break it to me gently?" sobbed Bill. "When we got home and she wasn't there, you could have told me she was up on the roof or something, then later said that she'd actually passed away in her sleep."

"I'm sorry," said John.

"Anyway," said Bill cheering up slightly. "How's Mum?"

John paused.

"Err, Mum's on the roof."

There was a young man from Australia
Who painted his arse like a dahlia.
The details were fine,
And the colours divine.
But the fragrance — God, what a failure!

A bitter and depressed man decided to give up any attempt at a sex life and go into a monastery. When he arrived, he found that he was not alone — two other young men had applied to join that day, and he sat down with them outside the Abbot's office.

Presently the three young men were called in together.

"Good afternoon, my friends," said the Abbot warmly. "I understand you wish to join our monastery, but first we must test you to see if you can withstand the privations of a monastic existence."

With that he produced three small bells from the desk drawer.

"Now, my friends, I want each of you to tie one of these around your...errr... your unmentionable part," he told them, crossing himself at the very thought of the bit of the anatomy he preferred to forget existed.

The men did as they were told.

"Now I am going to show you some pictures in turn. You first!"

With that, the Abbot pointed to the failed lover. Averting his own eyes, the Abbot handed him a centre spread picture from *Mayfair*. She was the most beautiful girl the young man had seen. Long legs led up to a tight little bum, then a smooth stomach paved the way to a firm but full pair of pale brown breasts. The naked body was topped by a warm inviting smile that urged him to share her bed. Not surprisingly, the bell on the young man's cock was jingling away nearly as loudly as the bells in the monastery steeple.

"Oh dear," sighed the Abbot, "That won't do at all. You are obviously nowhere near ready to forego the sins of the flesh. You"d better leave."

Forlornly, the young man bent down and picked up his bag. As he did so, he heard two other bells go off...

Did you hear about the Brummy who was told that he had sugar in his urine?
He started pissing on his corn flakes.

Two cannibals were sitting down to dinner.

"Mmm," said the first, "your wife certainly does make good stew."

"Yes," said the other. "But I'll miss her..."

What's the difference between an angry rooster and a randy solicitor?
An angry rooster clucks defiance...

To share your favourite jokes with Mayfair readers, send them to: Jokes, Mayfair, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. A free subscription will be awarded for every joke printed. In the event of duplication of jokes, the Editor's decision is final.

Illustrated by Spencer

Mrs Hinks, my grumpy and wrinkled landlady. I instantly forgot everything as Denise's hands began to explore my lower body.

My cock responded in true form, and pretty soon the rest of me was responding too. I pulled her to me, undoing her blouse and running my hands up the short skirt to where her stockings ended and the smooth skin of her thighs began. When my hands moved further up, I found she had no panties on; my fingers brushed against her soft pubic hair and slid along her sticky lips. She moaned in response and began to push against my fingers, which slid inside her, first one, then two, and then finally three.

Denise's cigarette dropped onto the floor as she kissed me, running her hands through my hair as she ground herself up and down on my fingers. I could feel the tenseness in her pussy as she approached a climax, and took my fingers out, thinking of nothing but sinking my cock into her.

Denise may not have won a Brain of Britain award, but she did at least have some ideas of her own. Before I could thrust up into that damp, tight pussy, she leant over and pulled my hard cock from my shorts. She clamped her mouth hard on me and started to suck, pulling her nipples at the same time.

Now that, I could take: but when she thrust her hand down her knickers and played with that wet pussy, I knew I had to screw her. I pushed her over on her back and thrust in hard: the muscular walls of her pussy gripped my tool so deliciously that it wasn't long before I was coming to the boil too.

At that moment, Danzig walked in. My heart stopped as the door burst open. Denise, however, didn't stop until she'd thrown her head back and enjoyed her orgasm fully.

I expected to be thrown out on my ear, but Danzig merely cast a cursory glance my way and re-settled himself behind the desk.

"Hustling for a part again, are you, Denise?" he asked absently, ruffling through the pages of my script. I wriggled my cock out from underneath her and prepared to make my exit. "Um..." I said.

"I'll be in touch," Danzig smiled. It seemed the interview was over.

* * *

Okay, so Penge wasn't Hollywood, but, as Danzig told me, with some good lighting and sets, even a dingy studio in SE20 could be transformed into the Roma of *la dolce vita*. I was further informed by Danzig that because of the excellence of the script, my presence on set would not be required. That struck me as odd, but then, what did I know?

But I couldn't wait. After a week, my curiosity had become so intense, I threw caution to the wind and caught the Penge flyer from London Bridge.

The studio took some finding, but I eventually located it beside a burned-out bedding warehouse. Little showed outwardly to suggest great art was being brought to to life within — no paparazzi lurked at the gates; no Rottweiler-toting guards; no stretch limos . There was, however, a long-haired guy lolling against the door.

"Is this the movie set?" I asked. He dragged at a suspicious-looking handrolled cigarette and inhaled deeply.

"Straight through there, man. Can't miss it."

What I found was set constructed entirely of cardboard and painted to approximate a living room, whose sole item of furniture was a large sofa. Surrounding the sofa were a clutch of lights and two seemingly unemployed men, dressed in ill-fitting jeans. This pair, it appeared, were the crew.

"You Dave the Dong?" one of them asked me.

"Who?"

"Dave the Dong. Y'know, the guy with the big todger." He sounded exasperated, as though this so-called 'Dave the Dong' was bringing much grief into his life.

"I'm Steve Russell," I explained with as much patience as I could muster. "I'm the writer."

This statement hardly helped matters, as the brute exploded into a series of guffaws. He sounded a bit like a

Harley-Davidson 650 misfiring. "'Ere Ken," he gasped, attracting his friend's attention. "You gotta hear this. This geezer reckons he's the writer."

At that precise moment Danzig put in an appearance. He was striding across the warehouse floor in a checkered overcoat, which billowed behind him. In his wake trailed Denise. She didn't acknowledge me

"Steve!" he boomed, greeting me like a returned Soviet cosmonaut back from ten months on Mars. "Good to see you! I was hoping you were going to put in an appearance."

"Balls, Danzig." I replied tersely. "What have you been doing with my script?"

"Ah. Yes." Danzig looked thoughtful. "We've had to make a few more changes," he confessed.

"A few more changes?" I repeated, parrot-fashion. "Where's the bloody set? The technicians? Where are the stars you promised? Where, not to put too fine a point on it, is anything?"

Danzig took me by the arm and led me gently towards a pile of packing cases. "Steve," he said, "I know it's a bit of a shock, but in the movies, these things happen. A personal vision, a flash of artistic genius... all too rare these days. Hollywood can't cope. They have to cut corners, make alterations..."

"But, but, but..." I interposed, like an outboard motor.

"...But you carry on," asserted Danzig. "You triumph over adversity. Okay, so it's not that great a vision, but at least it's a movie, a work of art, bearing your name..."

"And starring Dave the Dong," I said miserably.

Danzig took umbrage at that. "Don't knock Dave," he admonished me. "Or his dong, for that matter. He's an artist — no one buries the pink torpedo like him."

"It's a porno film," I said. Danzig shook his head firmly.

"What we're creating here isn't porn!" he sniffed indignantly. "This is art! Look at that minimalist set — doesn't that put you in mind of Fassbinder? And we're deliberately keeping dialogue slight — Jean-Luc Godard, isn't it? Sure, there's some sex — sex sells a movie, and anyway, if you look closely at the subtext of your script, you'll see it's just dripping with sex!"

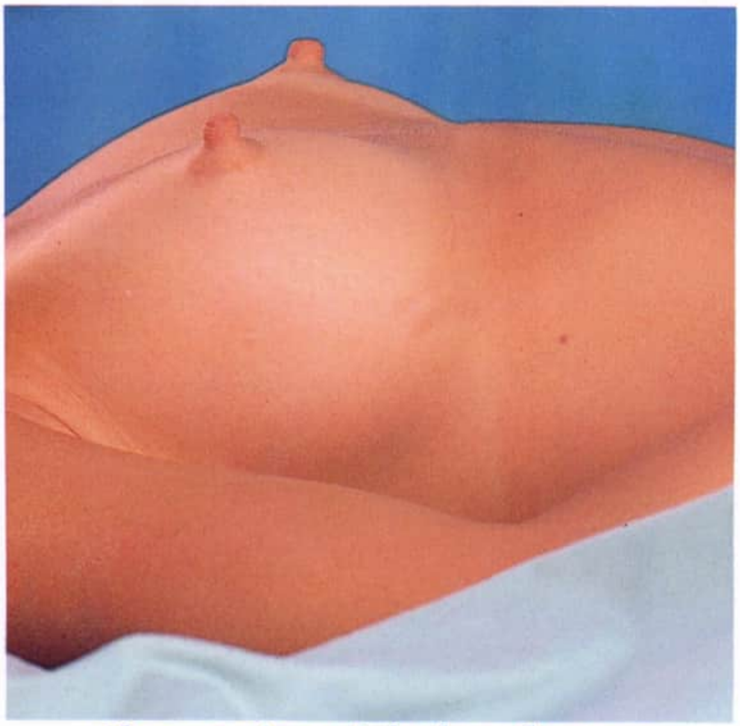
Ken and the big fellow weren't so impressed. "Oi Tom!" bawled Ken from the set. "Is Dave the Dong going to show up, or what? Only there's a good horse in the 2.15 at Kelso."

Clearly, Danzig had more explaining to do. "We've got a problem with Dave," he said, turning to the 'crew'. "He is, er, indisposed today."

"Wot?" said Tiny. "What's wrong with 'im?"

"His boyfriend doesn't like the idea."

"Strewth!" groaned Ken. "The biggest knob in London and he's a mattress-muncher!"



She was in a tight lacy basque which did nothing to conceal her bulging breasts

"Don't worry!" Danzig said, swiftly. "We can still do the scene."

I suddenly had the most terrible feeling.

Danzig smiled as he turned to me. "Steve?"

"Yes?"

"You really want success in the movies, right?"

"Right."

"Well, I think you've already demonstrated you're up to the job..."

* * *

"Here's your co-star, Steve. Denise is very experienced, aren't you, doll?"

"I'll say!" giggled Denise, who was looking incredibly attractive all of a sudden. The way her breasts thrust out at me like twin howitzer shells from beneath her mac might have had something to do with it.

"Right," announced Danzig, assuming a position behind the camera. "Here's the scene. Steve. You're totally knackered and you lie on the bed. Then Denise, who plays your lover, Sophia, enters the room and lies down on the bed beside you. We then have a love-scene."

That cleared up, I awaited my cue. "Get on wiv it," sighed Tiny. I took that to mean action and sauntered towards the bed, trying to summon up the existential angst I was sure the part required. I yawned wearily and removed my coat, stretching out on the bed and trying not to think about what happened next.

As it was, nothing happened. "Denise?" asked Danzig, getting no response. "DENISE!" he bawled. "If you want this part, you'd better get your act together!"

"Treat you like cattle!" grumbled Denise, her hands fumbling with the belt of her coat. It was quite a struggle due to the granny-knot she'd tied, but she persevered and finally shrugged it off her shoulders.

I couldn't believe the sight that greeted my eyes. There she was, her nubile form bedecked in a tight lacy basque which did nothing to conceal the fulsomeness of her bulging breasts; a g-string drawn constrictingly tight between her legs and sheer black stockings fastened to suspender belt... It was outrageous.

"Her character would never dress like that!" I complained to Danzig. "She's a poorgirl from Naples who's never been to the city in her life!"

Danzig chose to ignore my comments, peering through the viewfinder as Denise descended on me, her hands going straight to my trouser fly and yanking it open. She reached inside, her fingers curling round my appendage and hauling it out to be greeted by the impeccable suction of her lips around the crown.

Suddenly the dramatic niceties didn't seem so important as Denise proved that what she lacked in thespian skill, she more than compensated for with other talents. I forgot everything and lay back in contented bliss, revelling in the liquid sensations until Danzig's whisper in my ear brought me back to my senses.

"Whatever you do, Steve, don't blow your load. Nothing upsets Denise more than a shoddy amateur."

If he hadn't said that, I might have been okay. But suddenly I felt my nuts tighten and my pecker begin to twitch. Denise sensed I was fast coming to the boil and eased her tongue-tourniquet until the feelings subsided. I moaned in relief, while Denise reached inside her basque and scooped her splendidly-formed mammaries out into the open.

"You want me to be on top, love?" she enquired. As she was the expert, I naturally deferred to her judgment and lay back while she tugged aside her G-string, revealing her plump pussy descending towards my cock.

"Mmmmm," moaned Denise as my tool slid easily into her wet confines. I took her continued vocalising as a cue and responded in kind, summoning up strange vowel sounds from the back of my throat as she began to limbo dance on my equipment. Denise and I were very soon moving in serpentine fashion, Danzig shouting encouragement, urging me to grip her firm buttocks more, or fondle her creamy breasts.

Then, my confidence growing at each stroke, I tried a fanciful variation upon the rhythm of lust — a small double beat every third stroke; a kind of waltz time. Whatever it was, it had a marked effect on Denise who sudenly let out a shrill shriek and began to thrash her head from side to side as though she were switching from Vivaldi to Motorhead on her Walkman.

"Ohhhhhhhh!" she yelled. Danzig was beside himself. "Are we getting this?" he demanded of Tiny and Ken. Neither replied, too engrossed in the view of Denise's boobs bouncing as her orgasm overwhelmed her. Not that she was alone in experiencing wonderful feelings, as right then I felt something akin to a 240 volt shock in my gonads.

"Danzig!" I yelled, panic-stricken. "Have you got a wide-angle lens?"

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It's funny how things go sometimes. I mean, three months ago, I was living in a squalid bedsit, dreaming of Hollywood. Now as I write this down, I look out of my window at the Hollywood hills. *Romance In Rome*, as it turned out, was something of a success, though I still have reservations over the title Danzig chose to market it under. To me, *Hot Pussy a Go-Go* didn't have quite the same ring to it. Mind you, I can't complain, having been voted Stud of the Year by *Ooze* magazine. I've never been so busy: even as I type, my favourite co-star, Denise, is stretched out on my waterbed, oiling herself with baby lotion prior to rehearsing a scene from my latest project *Kierkegaard and the Hot Hookers*, a steamy melange of sex, violence and 19th century Danish philosophy. I tell you.... this one's got hit written all over it!